

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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A SERIAL STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP."

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER XII. MARIAN'S RESOLVE.

To have an income of fifteen thousand a year, and to be her own mistress, would, one would have imagined, have placed Marian Creswell on the pinnacle of worldly success, and rendered her perfectly happy. In the wildest day-dreams of her youth she had never thought of attaining such an income, and such a position as that income afforded her. The pleasures of that position she had only just begun to appreciate; for the life at Woolgreaves, though with its domestic comforts, its carriages and horses and attentive servants, infinitely superior to the life in the Helmingham school-house, had no flavour of the outside world. Her place in her particular sphere was very much elevated, but that sphere was as circumscribed as ever. It was not until after her husband's death that Marian felt she had really come into her kingdom. The industrious gentlemen who publish in the newspapers extracts from the last wills and testaments of rich or distinguished persons, thereby planting a weekly dagger in the bosoms of the impecunious, who are led by a strange kind of fascination to read of the enormous sums gathered and bequeathed, had of course not overlooked the testamentary disposition of Mr. Creswell, "of Woolgreaves, and Charleycourt Mills, Brock-sopp, cotton-spinner and mill-owner," but had nobly placed him at the head of one of their weekly lists. So that when Mrs. Creswell "and suite," as they were good enough to describe her servants in the local papers, arrived at the great hotel at Tunbridge Wells, the functionaries of that

magnificent establishment—great creatures accustomed to associate with the salt of the earth, and having a proper contempt, which they do not suffer themselves to disguise, for the ordinary traveller—were fain to smile on her, and to give her such a welcome as only the knowledge of the extent to which they intended mulcting her in the bill could possibly have extorted from them. The same kindly feeling towards her animated all the sojourners in that pleasant watering-place. No sooner had her name appeared in the Strangers' List, no sooner had it been buzzed about that she was *the* Mrs. Creswell, whose husband had recently died, leaving her so wonderfully well off, than she became an object of intense popular interest.

Two ladies of title—the widow of a viscount (Irish), and the wife of a baronet (English), insolvent, and at that moment in exile in the island of Coll, there hiding from his creditors—left cards on her, and earnestly desired the pleasure of her acquaintance. The roistering youth of the place, the East India colonels, the gay dogs superannuated from the government offices, the retired business men, who, in the fallow leisure of their lives, did what they would—all looked on her with longing eyes, and set their wits to work on all sorts of schemes to compass knowing her. Over laymen the clergy have a great advantage, their mission is in itself sufficient introduction, and lists of all the local charities, district churches to be erected, parsonages to be repaired, and schools to be established, had been presented by those interested in them to the rich widow in person before she had been forty-eight hours in the place.

It was very pleasant, this popularity, this being sought after and courted and

made much of, and Marian enjoyed it thoroughly. Unquestionably, she had never enjoyed anything so much in her previous life, and her enjoyment had no alloy. For although just before her husband's death, and for some little time after, she had had certain twinges of conscience as to the part she had acted in leaving him ignorant of all her relations with Walter Joyce when she married him, that feeling had soon died away. Before leaving home she had had a keen experience of absolute enjoyment in signing cheques with her own name, and in being consulted by Mr. Teesdale as to some business of her estate, and this feeling increased very much during her stay at Tunbridge Wells. Nevertheless, she did not remain there very long; she was pleased at being told that her duties required her at home, and she was by no means one to shirk such duties as the management of an enormous property involved.

So Marian Creswell went back to Woolgreaves, and busied herself in learning the details of her inheritance, in receiving from Mr. Teesdale an account of his past stewardship, and listening to his propositions for the future. It was very pleasant at first; there were so many figures, the amounts involved were so enormous; there were huge parchment deeds to look at, and actual painted maps of her estates. She had imagined that during that period just prior to their marriage, when she made herself useful to Mr. Creswell, she had acquired some notion of his wealth, but she now found she had not heard of a tenth part of it. There was a slate quarry in Wales, a brewery in Leamington, interest in Australian ships, liens on Indian railways, and house property in London. There seemed no end to the wealth, and for the first few weeks, looking at the details of it with her own eyes, or listening to the account of it in Mr. Teesdale's sonorous voice, afforded her real pleasure. Then gradually, and almost imperceptibly, came back upon her that feeling which had overwhelmed her in her husband's lifetime, of which she had gotten rid for some little space, but which now returned with fifty-fold force, "What is the good of it all?"

What indeed? She sat in the midst of her possessions more lonely than the poorest cottager on any of her estates, less cared for than the worn-out miner, for whom, after his day's toil, his wife prepared the evening meal, and his children huddled at his knee. Formerly her husband had

been there, with his kindly face and his soft voice, and she had known that, notwithstanding all difference of age and temperament between them, so long as he lived there was one to love her with a devotion which is the lot of few in this world. Now he was gone, and she was alone. Alone! It was a maddening thought to a woman of Marian's condition, without the consolation of religion, without the patience calmly to accept her fate, without the power of bowing to the inevitable. Where money was concerned she could hardly bring herself to recognise the inevitable, could scarcely understand that people of her wealth should, against their own will, be left alone in this world, and that love, friendship, and all their sweet associations, could not be bought.

Love and friendship! Of the latter she could scarcely be said to have had any experience; for Marian Ashurst was not a girl who made friends, and Mrs. Creswell found no one equal to being admitted to such a bond; and as to the former, though she had enjoyed it once, she had almost forgotten all about it. It came back to her, however, as she thought over it; all the sweet words, the soft endearing epithets, and the loving looks came back to her; all the fond memory of that time when, for a period, the demon of avarice was stilled, the gnawing desire for money, and what money in her idea might bring, was quenched; when she was honestly proud of her lover, happy in the present, and expectant of the future. She recollected the poor dresses and the cheap trinkets which she had in those days; the wretched little presents which she and Walter had exchanged, and the pleasure she experienced at receiving them at his hands. She remembered the locket, with her portrait, which she had given him, and wondered what had become of it. He had it, doubtless, still, for he had never returned it to her, not even in that first wild access of rage which he may have felt at the receipt of the letter announcing her intended marriage, nor since, when he had cooled down into comparative carelessness. Surely that argued something in her favour? Surely that showed that he had yet some lingering regard for her? In all that had been told her of him, and specially during the election time she had heard much, no mention had ever been made of any woman to whom he was paying attention. She had thought of that before; she remembered it delightedly now. Could it be that in the secret re-

cesses of his heart there glimmered yet, unquenched, a spark of love for her, the idol of his youth? It was not unlikely, she thought; he was very romantic, as she remembered him, just the sort of man in whom commerce with the world would be insufficient to blot out early impressions, to efface cherished ideals.

Could it be possible that the great crisis in her life was yet to come? That the opportunity was yet to be given her of having wealth and position, and, to share them with her, a husband whom she could love, and of whom she could be proud? Her happiness seemed almost too great; and yet it was there on the cards before her. Forgetting all she had done, and shutting her eyes to the fact that she herself had made an enormous gulf between them, she blindly argued to herself that it was impossible such love as Walter Joyce's for her could ever be wholly eradicated, that some spark of its former fire must yet remain in its ashes, and needed but tact and opportunity on her part to fan it again into a flame. What would not life be, then, were that accomplished? She had been pleased with the notion of entering society as Mr. Creswell's wife (poor, prosaic Mr. Creswell!), but as the wife of Walter Joyce, who was, according to Mr. Gould, one of the most rising men of the day, and who would have her fortune at his back to further his schemes and advance his interests, what might not be done! Marian glowed with delight at this ecstatic day-dream; sat cherishing it for hours, thinking over all kinds of combinations; finally put it aside with the full determination to take some steps towards seeing Walter Joyce at once.

How lucky it was, she thought, that she had behaved amiably on the announcement of Gertrude Creswell's marriage, and not, as she had felt inclined at first to do, returned a savage, or at best a formal, answer! These people, these Benthalls, were just those through whose agency her designs must be carried out. They were very friendly with Walter, and of course saw something of him; indeed, she had heard that he was expected down to stay at Helmingham, so soon as he could get away from London. If she played her cards well—not too openly at first, but with circumspection—she might make good use of these people; and as they would not be too well off, even with the interest of Gertrude's money, if they had a family (and this sort of people, poor parsons and schoolmasters—James Ashurst's

daughter had already learned to speak in that way—always had a large number of children) she might be able, in time, to buy their services and mould them to her will.

It was under the influence of such feelings that Marian had determined on being exceedingly polite to the Benthalls, and she regretted very much that she had been away from home when they called on her. She wrote a note to that effect to Mrs. Benthall, and intimated her intention of returning the visit almost immediately. Mrs. Benthall showed the note to her husband, who read it and lifted his eyebrows, and asked his wife what it meant, and why the widow had suddenly become so remarkably attached to them. Mrs. Benthall professed her inability to answer his question, but remarked that it was a good thing that "that" was all settled between Maud and Walter, before Walter came in madam's way again.

"But he isn't likely to come in her way again," said the Reverend George.

"I don't know that," said Gerty; "this sudden friendship for us looks to me very much as though——"

"You don't mean to say you think Mrs. Creswell intends making a convenience of us?" asked Mr. Benthall.

"I think she did so intend," said Gertrude; "but she——"

"We'll have nothing of that sort!" cried Mr. Benthall, going through that process which is known as "flaring-up;" "we can get on well enough without her, and her presents, and if——"

"Ah, you silly thing," interrupted Gertrude, "don't you see that when Walter marries Maud, there will be an end of any use to which we could be put by Mrs. Creswell, even if we were not going away to the Newmanton living in a very few weeks? You may depend upon it, that as soon as she hears the news—and I will take care to let her know it when she calls here—she will gracefully retire, and during the remainder of our stay in Helmingham we shall see very little more of the rich widow."

On the night of his acceptance by Maud Creswell, Walter wrote a long letter to Lady Caroline. He wrote it in his room, the old room in which he used to sleep in his usher days, when all the household was in bed, after an evening passed by him in earnest conversation with Maud and Gertrude, while Mr. Benthall busied

himself with an arrangement of affairs consequent upon his giving up the school, which he had decided upon doing at Midsummer. In the course of that long conversation Walter mentioned that he was about to write to Lady Caroline, acquainting her with what had taken place, and also told the girls of his having consulted her previous to the step which he had taken. He thought this information, as showing Lady Caroline's approbation of the match, would be hailed with great delight; and he was surprised to see a look pass between Maud and Gertrude, and to hear the latter say:

"O Walter, you don't mean to say you asked Lady Caroline's advice as to your marrying Maud?"

"Certainly I did; and I am sure Maud will see nothing strange in it. She knows perfectly well that——"

"It is not for Maud's sake that I spoke; but—but, Walter, had you no idea, no suspicion that——"

"That what, my dear Gertrude? Pray finish your sentence."

"That Lady Caroline cared for you herself?"

"Cared for me!"

"Cared for you! loved you! wanted to marry you! Can I find plainer language than that?"

"Good heavens, child, what nonsense are you talking! There is not the remotest foundation for any such belief. Lady Caroline is my kindest and best friend. If there were no social difference between us, I should say she had behaved to me as a sister; but as for anything else—nonsense, Gertrude!"

Gertrude said no more; she merely shrugged her shoulders, and changed the subject. But the effect of that conversation was not lost on Walter Joyce. It showed in the tone of his letter to Lady Caroline written that night, softening it and removing it entirely from the brusque and business-like style of correspondence which he generally indulged in.

The next day he left Helmingham early, having had a stroll with Maud—in which he expressed his wish that the marriage should take place as soon as possible—and a short talk with Gertrude, in which, however, he made no reference to the topic discussed on the previous evening.

It was a lucky thing that Mr. Joyce had started by an early train; for the Benthalls had scarcely finished their luncheon, before there was a violent ringing at the

gate-bell—there was no servant in the county who, for his size, could make more noise than Marian's tiger—and Mrs. Creswell was announced. She had driven the ponies slowly over from Woolgreaves, and had been enjoying the bows and adulation of the villagers as she came along. Though of course she had driven through the village scores of times, she had never been to the schoolhouse since she left it with her mother on their memorable visit to Woolgreaves, that visit which resulted in her marriage.

Mrs. Creswell was not an emotional woman; but her heart beat rather faster than was its placid wont as she crossed the threshold of the gate, and stepped at once into the garden, where so many of the scenes of her early history had been passed. There was the lawn, as untidy as in her poor father's days, bordered by the big elm-trees, under whose shadow she had walked in the dull summer evenings, as the hum from the dormitories settled down into silence and slumber; and her lover was free to join her there, and to walk with her until their frugal supper was announced. There were the queer star- and pear-shaped flower-beds, the Virginia-creeper waving in feathery elegance along the high wall, the other side of which was put to far more practical purposes: bore stucco instead of climbers, and re-echoed to the balls of the fives players. There were the narrow walks, the old paintless gate-bell, that lived behind iron bars, the hideous stone pine-apples on either side of the door, just as she remembered them.

In the drawing-room, too, where she was received by Mrs. Benthall, with the exception of a smell of stale tobacco, there was no difference: the old paper on the walls, the old furniture, the old dreary out-look.

After the first round of visiting-talk, Marian asked Gertrude how she liked her new home.

Gerty was, if anything, frank.

"Well, I like it pretty well," she said. "Of course it's all new to me, and the boys are great fun."

"Are they?" said Marian, with an odd smile; "they must have changed a great deal. I know I didn't think them 'great fun' in my day."

"Well, I mean for a little time. Of course they'd bore one awfully very soon; and I think this place would bore one frightfully after a time, so dull and grim, isn't it?"



"It's very quiet; but you mustn't let it bore you, as you call it."

"O, that won't matter much, because it will only be for so short a time."

"So short a time! Are you going to leave Helmingham?"

"O yes; haven't you heard? George has got a living, such a jolly place, they say, in the Isle of Wight, Newmanton they call it; and we give up here at Midsummer."

"I congratulate you, my dear Gertrude, as much as I bewail my own misfortune. I was looking forward with such pleasure to having you within reachable distance in this horribly unneighbourly neighbourhood, and now you dash all my hopes! Whence did Mr. Benthall get this singular piece of good fortune?"

"George got the presentation from Lord Hetherington, who is a friend of Wal—I mean of a great friend of ours. And Lord Hetherington had seen George in London, and had taken a fancy to him, as so many people do; and he begged his friend to offer this living to George."

"That is very delightful indeed; I must congratulate you, though I must say I deserve a medal for my unselfishness in doing so. It will be charming for your sister, too; she never liked this part of the country much, I think; and of course she will live with you?"

"No, not live with us; we shall see her whenever she can get away from London, I hope."

"From London! ah, I forgot. Of course she will make your friend Lady—Man—Lady Mansergh's her head-quarters?"

"No; you are not right yet, Mrs. Creswell," said Gertrude, smiling in great delight, and showing all her teeth. "The fact is, Maud is going to be married, and after her marriage she will live the greater part of the year in London."

"To be married! indeed!" said Marian—she always hated Maud much more than Gertrude. "May one ask to whom?"

"Oh, certainly; every one will know it now;—to the new member here, Mr. Joyce."

"Indeed!" said Marian, quite calmly (trust her for that). "I should think they would be excellently matched! My dear Gertrude, how on earth do you get these flowers to grow in a room? Mine are all blighted, the merest brown horrors."

"Would he prefer that pale spiritless girl—not spiritless, but missish, knowing nothing of the world and its ways—to a

woman who could stand by his side in an emergency, and help him throughout his life? Am I to be for ever finding one or other of these doll-children in my way? Shall I give up this last, greatest hope, simply because of this preposterous obstacle? Invention too, perhaps, of the other girl's, to annoy me. Walter is not that style of man—last person on earth to fancy a bread-and-butter miss, who—We will see who shall win this time. This is an excitement which I certainly had not expected."

And the ponies never went so fast before.

#### NIGHT ON THE MINCH.

"SHE is a poor thing, a bit toy!" said the skipper of the Lowland trader, regarding the little yacht Tern from the deck of his big vessel, while we lay in Canna Harbour: "She's no' for these seas at all; and the quicker ye are awa' hame wi' her round the Rhu, ye'll be the wiser. She should never hae quitted the Clyde."

Set by the side of the trader's great hull, she certainly did look a "toy": so tiny, so slight, with her tapering mast and slender spars. To all our enumeration of her good qualities, the skipper merely replied with an incredulous "oomph," and assured us that, were she as "good as gold," the waters of the Minch would drown her like a rat if there was any wind at all. Few yachts of thrice her tonnage, and twice her beam, ever cared to show their sails on the outside of Skye. Why, even the skipper, in his great vessel, which was like a rock in the water, had seen such weather out there as had made his hair stand on end; and he launched into a series of awful tales, showing how he had driven from the point of Sleat to Isle Ornsay up to his neck in the sea, how a squall off Dunvegan Head had carried away his topmast, broken his mainsail boom, and swept his decks clean of boats and rubbish, all at one fell crash; and numberless other terrific things, all tending to show that we were likely to get into trouble. When he heard that we actually purposed crossing the Minch to Boisdale, and beating up along the shores of the Long Isle as far as Stornoway, he set us down as madmen at once, and condescended to no more advice. After that, till the moment we sailed, he regarded us from the side of his vessel in a solemn sort of way, as if we were people going to be hanged.

He frightened us a little. The Wanderer, who had planned the expedition, looked at the skipper—or the Viking, as we got in the habit of calling him, because he wasn't like one. The Viking, who had never before ventured with his yacht beyond the Clyde, was pale, and only wanted encouragement

to turn and fly. But Hamish Shaw, the pilot, setting his lips together, delivered himself so violently against flight, vowed so staunchly that having come thus far we must proceed, or be for evermore branded as pretenders, and finally swore so roundly by his reputation as a seaman to carry us safely through all perils, that even the Viking shook his horrent locks and became for the instant nearly as courageous as he looked. "Nothing," said the Viking, in a glow of reckless ardour, "nothing gives me so much pleasure as tearing through it, with the wind blowing half a gale, and the boat's side buried to the cockpit coaming."

We had all great confidence in Hamish Shaw, for two very good reasons; firstly, because he had long been accustomed to sailing all sorts of boats in these waters; and secondly, because he was steady as a rock, and cool as snow in times of peril. Again and again, during the voyage, did we find reason to bless ourselves that we had such a man on board. He was fond of talk, and had much to say well worth listening to, but at critical moments he was like the sphinx—only rather more active. To see him at the helm, with his eye on the waves, steadily helping the little craft through a tempestuous sea, bringing her bow up to the billows, and burying it in them whenever they would have drowned her broadside; or sharply watching the water to windward, with the mainsail sheet in his hand, shaking her through the squalls off a mountainous coast—these were things worth seeing, things that made one proud of the race. As for the Viking, though he had considerable experience in sailing in smooth water, and though he was a very handy fellow in the ship's carpenter line, he was nowhere when it began to blow. He had been subject to palpitation of the heart for many years, and it always troubled him most when he was most wanted: making him very pale, feeble, and fluttering. He took a great deal of whisky to cure his complaint, but it had merely the effect of exciting him without relieving his unfortunate symptoms. The Wanderer could do a little in an emergency, but his nautical knowledge was very slight, just enabling him to distinguish one rope from another if he were not particularly hurried in his movements. The cook was a lady, and of course could be of no use on deck in bad weather: though, as Hamish Shaw expressed it, she showed a man's spirit throughout the voyage.

In plain point of fact, there was only one sailor on board; and as he had only one pair of hands, and could not be everywhere at the same moment, it was a miracle that the Tern escaped destruction.

As the distance from Canna to Loch Boisdale, the nearest point in the outer Hebrides, was about thirty miles, all quite open water, without the chance of any kind of harbour, and as the Tern, even with a fair wind, could not be expected to run more than six miles an hour in a sea, it was advisable to choose a very good

day indeed for the passage. As usual in such cases, we began by being over-cautious, and ended by being over-impatient. This day was too calm, and that day was too windy. We ended by doing two things which we had commenced by religiously avowing not to do—that is to say, never to start for a long passage except at early morning, and never to venture on such a passage without a fair wind. We weighed anchor at about two o'clock in the afternoon, with the wind blowing north-west—nearly dead in our teeth.

But it was a glorious day, sunny and cheerful; the clouds were high and white, and the waters were sparkling and flashing, far as the eye could see. As soon as the wind touched the white wings of the little Tern, she slipped out of the harbour with rapid flight, plunged splashing out at the harbour mouth, and was soon swimming far out in the midst of the spray, happy, eager, tilting the waves from her breast like a swimmer in his strength. Next to the rapturous enjoyment of having wings oneself, or being able to sport among the waves like a great northern diver, is the pleasure of sailing during such weather in a boat like the Tern.

Canna never looked more beautiful than to-day—her cliffs wreathed into wondrous forms and tinted with deep ocean dyes, and the slopes above rich and mellow in the light. But what most fascinates the eye is the southern coast of Skye, lying on the starboard bow as we are beating northward. The Isle of Mist is clear to-day, not a vapour lingers on the heights; and although it must be admitted that much of its strange and eerie beauty is lost, still we have a certain gentle loveliness in its place. Can that be Skye, the deep coast full of rich warm under-shadow, the softly-tinted hills, "nakedly visible without a cloud," sleeping against the "dim sweet harebell-colour" of the heavens? Where is the thunder-cloud, where are the weeping shadows of the cirrus, where are the white flashes of cataracts through the black smoke of rain on the mountain-side? Are these the Cuchullins—the ashen-grey heights turning to solid amber at the peaks, the dry seams of the torrents softening in the sunlight to golden shades? Why, Blaavin, with hooked forehead, would be bare as Primrose Hill, save for one slight white wreath of vapour, that, glittering with the hues of the prism, floats gently away, to die in the delicate blue. Dark are the headlands, yet warmly dark, projecting into the sparkling sea and casting summer shades. Skye is indeed transformed, yet its beauty is still spiritual, still it keeps the faint feeling of the glamour. It looks like witch-beauty, wondrous and unreal. You feel that an instant may change it, and so it may and will. Ere we have sailed many miles more, Skye will be clouded over with a misty woe, her face will be black and wild, she will sob in the midst of the darkness with the voice of falling rain and eerie winds.

We were flying along swiftly, and the breeze was heading us less and less. The sea still

sparkled, far as the eye could see, a flashing surface—

Dappled o'er with shadows flung

From many a brooding cloud :

the wool-white cloud above, the soft shadow below. There was no danger, and the Viking was like a lion. All went merry as a marriage bell. Picture after picture rose up, grew into perfect loveliness, and faded like a fairy palace into the air. Now it was Macleod's Maidens, the three sister peaks on the western coast of Skye, linked together by a dim rainbow, and glimmering brightly through a momentary shower; again, it was the far-off mouth of Loch Bracadale, rich with the darkest purple tints, with a real red-sailed fishing-boat in the foreground to bring out the picture, just as Turner would have placed it on the canvas; and still again, it was the Cuchullins, already wreathed in mist, magnified to still more gigantic size by their own darkness, and looking as forlorn as if no sunlight had ever fallen on their hoary brows.

But more frequently, with keener interest, with more anxious longing, our eyes were turned westward; to the far-off isles whither we were bound. We could see them better now, misted over by distance—part of the Barra highland, the three great hills of Uist, and, dimmest of all, the high hills of Harris. As the vapours shifted on the coast, the shape of the land changed. What had looked like mountains drifted away before the wind; what had seemed a cloud, outlined itself darkly and more darkly; and, strange to say, the whole coast seemed, as we drew nearer, to retreat further away, insomuch that when we had beaten ten or twelve miles of the actual distance to Loch Boisdale, the outer Hebrides looked as distant as ever, and we almost thought there must have been some mistake in our calculation of the number of miles across.

It was a strange feeling, riding out there in the open Minch in that little boat, and knowing that a storm, if it *did* catch us there, would leave us little time to say our prayers. The vessel was too small and crank to lie to, and running before the wind she would have drowned herself in no time. True, we had extemporised a kind of wooden scuttle for the cockpit, which might be of some service in a sea, and did actually save us from some peril; but the fact was, the boat, as Hamish Shaw expressed it, wanted "body," and would never live out bad weather in the open. It was a wonder Hamish ever accompanied us at all—he had such a profound contempt for the Tern, quite agreeing with the skipper in Canna that she was merely a toy, a plaything. We suppose, however, that he had confidence in himself, and knew that if any one could save her at a pinch, he could.

We had started so late, that before we were half way across, it was growing quite dark. It promised to be a good night, however. The worst of our situation just then, was, that the wind was beginning to fail, and we were making very little way through the rough roll of the sea.

One certainly did not feel quite comfortable, tumbling out there in the deepening twilight, while the land on either side slowly mingled itself with the clouds. After taking our bearings by the compass, and getting a drop of something warm, we could do nothing but sit and wait for events. The Viking was beginning to feel unwell with his old complaint. Shivering he looked to windward, seeing all sorts of nameless horrors. Twenty times, at least, he asked Hamish what sort of a night it promised to be? Twice he rushed down to examine the weather-glass, an aneroid, and, to his horror, it was slowly sinking. Then he got lights and buried himself among the charts, feebly gazing at a blank space of paper labelled "The Minch." At last, unable to disguise it any longer, he began to throw out dark hints that we were doomed; that it was madness sailing at night; that he had seen it from the beginning, and should not have ventured so far; that he knew from the colour of the sky that we should have a storm in the night; and that, only let him get safe back "round the Rhu," no temptation on earth should tempt him again beyond the Crinan Canal.

It is to be feared that Hamish Shaw was rather short with the Viking, and attributed his trepidation to ignoble causes. Hamish Shaw was in his glory. He loved sailing at night, and had been constantly urging us to it. He had learned the habit as a fisherman, it was associated with much that was wildest and noblest in his life, and he was firmly persuaded that he could see his way anywhere in the waters, by dark as well as by day. Owl-like, wakeful and vigilant, he sat at the helm, with his weather-beaten face looming through his matted ringlets, his black pipe set between his teeth, and his eyes looking keenly to windward. He was not a sentimental man: he did not care much for "scenery." But do you think there was no dreamy poetry in his soul; that he had no subtle pleasure, concealed almost from himself, as the heaven bared its glittering breast of stars, and the water that darkened beneath, glimmered back the light, and the wind fell softly, till we could hear the deep breathing of the sea itself? What memories drifted across his brain; of wild nights at the herring-fishing, of rain, snow, and wind; of tender nights in his highland home, when he went courting in highland fashion to the lassie's chamber-door! He is a strange study, Hamish Shaw. To hear him speak directly of any scene he has visited, you would not credit him with any insight. But he sees more than he knows. His life is too full to take in separate effects, or wonder anew. What light he throws for us on old thoughts and superstitions, on tender affections of the race! His speech is full of water and wind. He uses a fine phrase, as naturally as nature fashions a bud or a leaf. He speaks in natural symbols, as freely as he uses an oar. His clear fresh vision penetrates even into the moral world, quite open and fearless even there, where the best of us become purblind.

We have tried again and again, for our own amusement, to reproduce a little of Shaw's English. He is a true Gael, and is speaking a foreign tongue, acquired in early youth. His language is at once remarkable for its obscurity and the use of big words, and yet for a strange felicity of verbal touch. He attaches a certain meaning to words, and tries hard to be explicit. For example, speaking once of the Gaelic, and becoming warm in its praise: "the Gaelic," he said, "is a kind of guttural language, a principal and positive language; a language, d'ye see, *full of knowledge and essence*." It would be difficult to find anything obscurer than the beginning of the explanation, or more felicitous than its conclusion. The one word "essence" is perfect in its terse expression of meaning.

"I'm of the opinion," said Hamish, quietly surveying the heavens, "that the night will be good. Yon's a clear sky to windward, and there's nae kerry. I would a heap sooner sail a craft like this by night than by day, the weather is mair settled between gloaming and sunrise; and you have one great advantage: the light is aye gaining on ye, instead o' the darkness."

"But Shaw, man," cried the Viking, "we are creeping closer and closer to the land, and it will be a fearful business making it out in the mirk!"

Shaw shrugged his shoulders.

"If we canna see it, we maun just smell it," he said. "It's useless to fash your head."

"A coast sown with rocks as thick as if they had been shaken out of a pepper-box! Reefs here, danger everywhere! And not a beacon nearer than Rhu Hunish lighthouse! O my God!"

And the Viking wailed.

By this time the summer night had quite closed in; Canna and Skye had long faded out of sight behind, but we could still make out the form of the land ahead. The wind was rising again, and blowing gently on our quarter, so we bade fair to make the coast of the Long Island sooner than was advisable. Still, it would have been injudicious to remain any longer than was necessary out in the open; for a storm might come on by morning, and seal our fate. The best plan was to creep to within a couple of miles of the land, and hang about until we had sufficient daylight to make out our situation. It was even possible, if it did not grow much darker, that we might be able to make out the mouth of Loch Boisdale in the night.

The Viking plunged below to the charts. To while away the time, the Wanderer began talking to the steersman about superstition. It was a fine eerie situation for a talk on that subject, and the still summer night, with the deep dreary murmur of the sea, gathered powerfully on the imagination.

"Hamish," said the Wanderer, abruptly, "do you believe in ghosts?"

Hamish puffed his pipe leisurely for some time before replying.

"I'm of the opinion," he replied at last, beginning with the expression habitual to him—"I'm of the opinion that there's strange things in the world. I never saw a ghost, and I don't expect to see one. If the Scripture says true—I mean the Scripture, no' the ministers—there has been ghosts seen before, and there may be now. The folk used to say there was a Ben-shee in Skipness Castle, a Ben-shee with white hair and a much like an old wife, and my father saw it with his own een before he died. They're curious people over in Barra, and they believe stranger things than that."

"In witchcraft, perhaps?"

"There's more than them believes in witchcraft. When I was a young man on board the Petrel (she's one of Middleton's fish-boats and is over at Howth now) the winds were that wild, that there seemed sma' chance of winning hame before the new year. Weel, the skipper was a Skye man, and had great faith in an auld wife who lived alone up on the hillside; and without speaking a word to any o' us, he went up to bid wi' her for a fair wind. He crossed her hand wi' siller, and she told him to bury a live cat wi' its head to the airt wanted, and then to steal a spoon from some house, and get awa'. He buried the cat, and he stole the spoon. It's curious, but sure as ye live, the wind changed that night into the north-west, and never shifted till the Petrel was in Tobermory."

"Once let me be the hero of an affair like that," cried the Wanderer, "and I'll believe in the devil for ever after. But it was a queer process."

"The ways o' God are droll," returned Shaw, seriously. "Some say that in old times the witches made a causeway o' whales from Rhu Hunish to Dunvegan Head. There are auld wives o'er yonder yet, who hae the name of going out wi' the deil every night, in the shape o' blue hares, and I kened a man who thought he shot one wi' a siller button. I dinna believe all I hear, but I dinna just disbelieve either. Ye've heard of the Evil Eye?"

"Certainly."

"When we were in Canna, I noticed a fine cow and calf standing by a house near the kirkyard, and I said to the wife as I passed (she was syning her pails at the door), 'Yon's a bonnie bit calf ye hae with the auld cow.' 'Aye,' says she, 'but I hope ye didna look at them o'er keen'—meaning, ye ken, that maybe I had the Evil Eye. I laughed and told her that was a thing ne'er belong't to me nor mine. That minds me of an auld wife near Loch Boisdale, who had a terrible bad name for killing kye and doing mischief on corn. She was glee,\* and had black hair. One day, when the folk were in kirk, she reached o'er her hand to a bairn that was lying beside her, and touched its cheek wi' her finger. Weel, that moment the bairn (it was a lassie and had red hair) began greeting and turning its head from side to side like folk in fever. It kept on

\* She squinted.



sae for days. But at last another woman, who saw what was wrang, recommended eight poultices o' kyeshairn (one every night) from the innermost kye i' the byre. They gied her the poultices, and the lassie got weel."

"That was as strange a remedy as the buried cat," observed the Wanderer; "but I did not know such people possessed the power of casting the trouble on human beings."

Hamish puffed his pipe, and looked quietly at the sky. It was some minutes before he spoke again.

"There was a witch family," he said at last, "in Loch Carron, where I was born and reared. They lived their lane close to the sea. There were three o' them—the mither, a son, and a daughter. The mither had great lumps all o'er her arms, and sae had the daughter; but the son was a clean-hided lad, and he was the cleverest. Folk said he had the power o' healing the sick, but only in ae way, by transferring the disease to him that brought the message seeking help. Ance, I mind, a man was sent till him on horseback, bidding him come and heal a fisher who was up on the hill and like to dee. The warlock mounted his pony, and said to the man, 'Draw back a bit, and let me ride before ye.' The man, kenning nae better, let him pass, and followed ahint. They had to pass through a glen, and in the middle of the glen an auld wife was standing at her door. When she saw the messenger riding ahint the warlock, she screeched out to him as loud as she could cry: 'Ride, ride, and reach the sick lad first, or ye're a dead man!' At that, the warlock looked black as thunder, and galloped his pony; but the messenger being better mounted, o'ertook him fast, and got first to the sick man's bedside. In the nicht the sick man died. Ye see, the warlock had nae power o' shifting the complaint but on him that brought the message, and no' on him if the warlock didna reach the house before the messenger."

Here the Viking emerged with the whisky-bottle, and Hamish Shaw wet his lips. We were gliding gently along now, and the hills of Uist were still dimly visible. The deep roll of the sea would have been disagreeable, perhaps, to the uninitiated, but we were hardened. While the Viking sat by, gazing gloomily into the darkness, the Wanderer pursued his chat with Shaw, or, rather, incited the latter to further soliloquies.

"Do you know, Hamish," he said, slyly, "it seems to me very queer that Providence should suffer such pranks to be played, and should entrust such marvellous power to such wretched hands. Come, now; do you actually fancy that these things have happened?"

But Hamish Shaw was not the man to commit himself. He was a philosopher.

"I'm of the opinion," he replied, "that it would be wrong to be o'er positive. Providence does as queer things, whiles, as either man or woman. There was a strange cry, like the whistle of a bird, heard every nicht close to the cottage before Wattie Macleod's smack was

lost on St. John's Point, and Wattie and his son were drowned; then it stoppit. Whiles it comes like a sheep crying, whiles like the sound o' pipes. I heard it mysel' when my brither Angus died. He had been awa' o'er the country and his horse had fallen, and kickit him on the navel. But before he heard a word about it, the wife and I were on the road to Angus's house, and were coming near the burn that parted his house from mine. It was nicht, and bright moonlicht. The wife was heavy at the time, and suddenly she grippit me by the arm and whispered, 'Wheesh! do ye hear?' I listened, and at first I heard nothing, 'Wheesh! again!' says she; and then I heard it plain—like the low blowing o' the bagpipes, slowly and sadly, wi' nae tune. 'O, Hamish,' said the wife, 'wha can it be?' I said nae-thing, but I felt my back all cold, and a sharp thread running through my heart. It followed us along us far as Angus's door, and then it went awa'. Angus was sitting by the fire; they had just brought him hame; and he told us o' the fall and the kick. He was pale, but didna think much was wrang wi' him, and talked quite cheerful and loud. The wife was sick and frightened, and they gave her a dram; they thought it was her trouble, for her time was near, but she was thinking o' the sign we had heard. 'Though we knew fine that Angus wouldna live, we didna dare to speak o' what we had heard. Going hame that nicht, we heard it again, and in a week he was lying in his grave.'

The darkness, the hushed breathing of the sea, the sough of the wind through the rigging, greatly deepened the effect of this tale. The Viking listened intently, as if he expected every moment to hear a similar sound presaging his own doom. Hamish Shaw showed no emotion. He told his tale as mere matter-of-fact, with no elocutionary effects, and kept his eye to windward all the time, literally looking out for squalls.

"For heaven's sake," cried the Viking "choose some other subject of conversation. We are in bad enough plight already, and don't want any more horrors."

"What! Afraid of ghosts?"

"No, dash it!" returned the Viking; "but—but—as sure as I live, there's storm in yon sky!"

The look of the sky to windward was not improving; it was becoming smoked over with thick mist. Though we were now only a few miles off the Uist coast, the loom of the land was scarcely visible; the vapours peculiar to such coasts seemed rising and gradually wrapping everything in their folds. Still, as far as we could make out from the stars, there was no carry in the sky.

"I'll no' say," observed Hamish, taking in everything at a glance; "I'll no' say but there may be wind ere morning; but it will be wind off the shore, and we hae the hills for shelter."

"But the squalls! The squalls!" cried the Viking.

"The land is no' that high that ye need to be scared. Leave you the vessel to me, and I'll tak' her through it snug. But we may as weel hae the third reef in the mainsail, and mak' things ready in case o' need."

This was soon done. The mainsail was reefed, and the second jib substituted for the large one; after a glance at the compass, Hamish again sat quiet at the helm.

"Barra," he said, renewing our late subject of talk, "is a great place for superstition, and sae is Uist. The folk are like weans, simply and kindly. There is a Ben-shee weel-ken'd at the head o' Loch Eynort, and anither haunts one o' the auld castles o' the great Macneil o' Barra. I hae heard, too, that whiles big snakes wi' manes like horses come up into the fresh-water lakes and lie in wait to devour the flesh o' man. In a fresh-water loch at the Harris, there was a big beast like a bull, that came up ae day and ate half the body o' a lad when he was bathing. They tried to drain the loch to get at the beast, but there was o'er muckle water. Then they baited a great hook wi' the half o' a sheep, but the beast was o'er wise to bite. Lord, it was a droll fishing! They're a curious people. But doe ye no' think, if the sea and the lochs were drainit dry, there would be all manner o' strange animals that nae man kens the name o'? There's a kind of water-world. Nae man kens what it's like—for the drowned canna see, and if they could see, they couldna speak. Aye!" he added, suddenly changing the current of his thoughts, "aye! the wind's rising, and we're no' far off the shore, for I can smell the land."

By what keenness of sense Hamish managed to "smell the land," we had no time just then to inquire; for all our wits were employed in looking after the safety of the Tern. She was howling along under three-reefed mainsail and storm-jib, and was getting just about as much as she could bear. With the rail under to the cockpit, the water lapping heavily against the coaming, and ever and anon splashing right over in the cockpit itself, she made her way fast through the rising sea. In vain we strained our eyes to see the shore:

The blinding mist came down and hid the land,  
As far as eye could see!

All at once, the foggy vapours peculiar to the country had steeped everything in darkness; we could guess from the wind where the land lay, but were at a loss to tell how near. What with the whistling wind, the darkness, the surging sea, we felt bewildered and amazed.

The Wanderer looked at his watch, and it was past midnight. Even if the fog cleared off, it would not be safe to take Loch Boisdale without good light, and there was nothing for it but to beat about till sunrise. This was a prospect not at all comfortable, for we might even then be in the neighbourhood of dangerous rocks, and, if the wind rose any higher, there was nothing for it but running before the wind, God knew whither. Meantime, it was determined to stand off a little to the open, in dread

of coming to over-close quarters with the shore.

Hamish sat at the helm, stern and imperturbable. We knew by his silence that he was anxious, but he expressed no anxiety whatever. Ever and anon he slipped down his hand on the deck to leeward, feeling how near the water was to the cockpit, and, as there seemed considerable danger of foundering in the heavy sea, he speedily agreed with us that it would be wise to close over the cockpit hatches. That done, all was done that hands could do, save holding the boat with the helm steady and close to the wind—a task which Hamish fulfilled to perfection. Indeed, we were in no slight danger from squalls, for the wind was off the land, and nothing saved us, when struck by heavy gusts, but the firmness and skill of the helmsman. He had talked about smelling the land, but it is certain that he seemed to smell the wind. Almost before a squall touched her, the Tern was standing up to it, tight and firm, when ever so slight a falling off might have stricken us over to the mast, and perhaps (for the cockpit hatches were a small protection) foundered us in the open sea.

The Viking was a wreck by this time, too weak even to scream out his prophecies of doom, but lying anticipating his fate in his fore-castle hammock, with the grog at his side and his eyes closed despairingly against all the terrors of the scene. The cook was lying in the cabin, very sick, in that happy frame of mind when it is indifferent whether we float on, or go to the bottom. The Wanderer, drenched through, clung close beside the pilot, and strained his eyes against wind and salt spray into the darkness. It would be false to say that he felt comfortable, but as false to say that he felt frightened. Though dreadfully excitable by nature, he was of too sanguine a temperament to be overpowered by half-seen perils. On the whole, though the situation was precarious, he had by no means made up his mind to be drowned; and there was something so stimulating in the brave conduct of the little ship, which seemed to be fighting out the battle on her own account, that at times he was light-hearted enough to sing out, loud, a verse of his favourite Tom Bowling. No man, however, could have sat there in the darkness, amid the rush of wind and wave, without at times thinking of the power of God; so again and again, through the Wanderer's mind, with a deep sea-music of their own, rolled the wondrous verses of the Psalm: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. They see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they

glad because they be quiet, so He bringeth them unto their destined haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

It was now so dark that we could see nothing on any side of us, save the glitter of the crests of the waves playing close to us, and the phosphorescent glimmer of the beaten water behind the rudder. The wind was pretty steady, and the squalls were not too frequent. We were running through the darkness at considerable speed, burying our bowsprit in every wave, and washing our decks as clean as salt water could make them. So low was the Tern's rail, and so close to the sea, even on the weather side, that it was like being dragged through the water bodily, with the chilly waves lapping round the waist.

Suddenly, out of the darkness ahead, shot a sharp glimmer of light; then, there was a loud sound like the creaking of cordage and noise of sails; and then, before we could utter a cry, a large brig dashed across our bows, running with a free sheet before the wind. Ghostly and strange she looked, in the mist, driving at tremendous speed, and churning the sea to sparkling foam. With a loud oath, Hamish shoved the helm hard a-port, and brought the head of the Tern up to the wind, so that we almost brushed the strange vessel's quarter. We had narrowly escaped death. With fascinated eyes we watched the brig dash on, until she was swallowed up in the darkness. When she was quite gone, we drew a heavy breath of relief.

"Lord, that was a close shave for life!" muttered Shaw, drawing his cuff across his mouth: his manner when agitated. "What would hae thought o' meeting strange craft hereabouts? We'd maybe better rig out the mast-head lantern, in case o' mair accidents."

This was soon done, and although the lantern burnt blue and dim, we felt more secure. After so narrow an escape, what reasonable creature could have refused to drink his own health in the water of life? The grog bottle was passed round, and never was a "nip of the screech" received with more affectionate unction.

It was weary work, that waiting on in the darkness. The wind sang, the water sobbed, the sail moaned, until the Wanderer began to get sleepier and sleepier. At last, wet as he was, he sank off into a doze, wherein he was half conscious of the boat's motion through the water, and half dreaming of things far away. Suddenly, he was startled by a roar in his ear, and rubbing his eyes wildly, listened. It was only Hamish Shaw, saying quietly:

"It's beginning to get licht. I see the loom o' the land."

Shivering like a half-drowned rat in the cold damp air of the dawn, and dashing the wet hair out of his weary eyes, the Wanderer stared all round him, and saw (when his obfuscated wits were able to concentrate themselves) that it was nearly daybreak, though all was dark above. A dim, silvery, misty glimmer was on the sea, and about two miles to the westward

the land lay black in a dark mist like the smoke nearest the funnel of a newly-coaled steamer. The Viking was poking his head through the cabin hatch and gazing shoreward.

"Can ye mak' out the shape o' these hills?" he asked of the pilot. "Loch Boisdale should be hereabouts."

Hamish shook his head.

"We maun creep in closer to mak' certain," he replied. "It's o'er dark yet. Yon bit place yonder, where ye see a shimmer like the gleam o' herring-scales, looks like the mouth o' the loch, but we maun creep in canny and get mair licht."

Although Shaw had been herring-fishing on the coast for so many years, he was not as familiar with it as might have been expected. He knew its general outline, but had not made close observation of details. With the indifference peculiar to the fishers, he had generally trusted to Providence and his own sagacity, without making any mental note of his experiences. So it was not until we had twice or thrice referred to the chart, that he remembered that just south of Boisdale, about half a mile from shore, there was a dangerous reef called Mackenzie Rock, and that on this rock there was a red buoy, which, if descried in the dim light, would be a certain index to the whereabouts of the mouth of the loch.

"Tam Saunders put the Wild Duck on that rock when I was up here in the Gannet," said Hamish; "but she was as strong as iron, different frae this wee bit shell o' a thing, and they keptit her fixit there till the flood, and then floated her off wi' scarce a scratch. We'll just put her about, and creep in shore on the other tack."

Though the day was slowly breaking, it was still very misty, and a thin cold "smurr" was beginning to creep down on the sea. The wind was still sharp and strong, the sea was high, and the squalls were dangerous; but we knew now that the worst of our perils must be over. As we approached closer to the shore, we noticed one dark bluff, or headland, from which the land receded on either side, leaving it darkly prominent; a reference to the chart soon convinced us that this headland was no other than the Ru Hordag, which lies a few miles to the south of Boisdale. So we put about again, and slipped up along the land, lying very close to the wind. It was soon clear that the dawn, though it had fully broken, was not going to favour us with a brilliant exhibition, nor to dispel the dangerous vapours in which the land was shrouded. The whole shape of the land was distorted. One could merely conjecture where land ended, and mist began; all was confusion. No sun came out—only the dull glimmer through the miserable "smurr" betokened that it was day.

Suddenly, with a shriek of joy, the Viking discovered the buoy, and pointed it out through the rain. Yes, there it was, a red spot in a circle of white foam, about a quarter of a mile on the weather quarter. With this assistance, it was decided that the spot which Shaw had

compared to the "gleam of herring-scales" was indeed the mouth of the loch. Never did voyagers hail the sight of haven with greater joy.

It was a run of nearly a mile up to the anchorage, and the passage was by no means a safe one; but Hamish, once in the loch, knew every stone and shallow perfectly. When we cast anchor, the thin "smurr" had changed into a heavy rain, and all the scene around was black and wild. But what cared we? The fire was lighted in the fore-castle, Hamish put on the kettle, and the kettle began to sing. Then, after putting on dry clothes, we sat down as merry as crickets. The cook recovered, and poached the eggs. The Wanderer dozed smilingly in a corner. The Viking swore roundly that it had been the "jolliest night" he had ever spent, and that such nights made him in love with sailing. Hamish Shaw, to whom all the glory of the night belonged, first lit his black cutty pipe as he rested his head against the side of the fore-castle; and then, in an instant, dropped off heavy as a log, worn out with fatigue, and still gripping the cutty firmly between his teeth as he slept.

#### AN OLD BALLAD RENEWED.

THE princess she was a winsome thing,  
Only seventeen years that spring.

She said to her love, "I fain would see  
Your pack of hounds loose on the lea.

"Saddle thy horse and gird thee, Brand,  
And we will ride to a friendlier land."

"Lady fair, I've no steed but one;  
But thou shalt ride and I will run."

"Earl Brand, my father has horses three:  
More than enough for you and me."

So away they galloped o'er moor and moor  
And these lovers met neither rich nor poor

They never slackened for sun or rain  
On the hill-side, or over the plain.

Fox might bark, or the wild hawk scream,  
Life with them was a summer dream.

Till at last they met, at the side of a wood,  
With one who was evil and never good.

"Earl Brand," said the maiden, "if ye love me,  
Slay that traitor, or he'll slay thee."

"I cannot slay him, my lady fair,  
For bent is his back, and grey his hair."

"Why, sir knight, in such haste to ride,  
And where have you stolen that bonny bride?"

"She is my sister, and not my wife,  
And I fear me much for the maiden's life."

"If she is weary, and all but dead,  
Why does she wear that hood of red?"

"If she's been sick and like to die,  
Why do I gold and jewels spy?"

He ran back fast to her kith and kin,  
And beat at the door till they let him in.

"Now where is the lady of this hall?"  
"Out at play with the cowslip ball."

"No!" he cried, "you are all mista'en;  
Go count your maidens o'er again."

"I met her but now in headlong flight  
With young Earl Brand, the English knight."

Her father he mounted with fifteen men,  
And rode swift down the mountain glen.  
The lady looked back, as the stream they ford,  
And cried, "Ride faster, or draw your sword."

"If they come on me one by one,  
You must stand by till the fight be done;

"But if they charge on me one and all,  
You must stand by and see me fall."

Then one by one they on him ran,  
And fourteen times he slew his man:

Ten of the rascals dead by the burn,  
Four rogues dead on the trampled fern;

Then the fifteenth traitor stealing round,  
Gave him a deep and deadly wound.

The knight of his wound took little heed,  
And set his lady upon her steed.

They rode till they came to the brimming tide,  
And there he bound his bleeding side.

"O, Earl, I see your red heart's blood!"

"Nay, 'tis but the gleam of your scarlet hood."

They rode till he came to his mother's door,  
Then he fell dead on the chamber floor.

#### THE GREAT DRUNKERY DISCOVERY.

Nor long ago, the mighty Head of the Honourable Court of Aldermen of the City of London, and, for aught we know, even of that terrible Assembly, The (very) Common Council, authoritatively made, at the Mansion House, from that judgment seat which the magnificent potentate occupies in virtue of being what it is the facetious custom to call the chief magistrate of this great city, the remarkable statement: That Recreation was a special cause of crime. The wise experience of the civic sovereign, prompted him to this great utterance.

The close observation and accurate knowledge on which this dictum is founded, are beyond praise. Leaving out of the question the small consideration that a people without recreation might be rather difficult to govern, and might (so History teaches common men who are not Lord Mayors) in fact have an avenging tendency to turn and rend their governors, consider how exquisitely timed this Pearl of the nineteenth century! Among the younger men of the day, what demoralising sports, what brutal pastimes, are fostered and encouraged by the degrading system of early closing, and by the Saturday half-holiday! Take the wicked and cruel game of cricket, for instance, in which it is notoriously impossible to attain excellence without defiance of rule and order, and the habitual consumption of large quantities of strong drink. Consider the rowing matches, of which large numbers take place on Saturday afternoons, if the tide be favourable;



and the training for which, by the very nature of the case, requires uproarious conduct, late hours, the constant imbibition of ardent spirits, and a systematic shattering of the constitution. Think with disgust of the orgies that take place at the rifle butts, where marksman's badges and bulls'-eyes can never be attained unless the hand shakes with the palsy consequent upon excessive drinking. As for drilling, it is so well known that military precision is impossible to be reached, without the faltering gait and general bearing of *delirium tremens*, that it is needless to dwell upon the unpleasant topic.

The popularity of these enervating and dissipated pursuits may account for the evil doings of the foul fiend, Recreation. So may the abominable custom of running cheap excursion trains: particularly now, when railway refreshment-rooms are improving. So may the disgraceful facilities afforded for intoxication by the system of afternoon performances at places of public entertainment: where, let us by all means declare, the major part of the audience—or say the whole, while we are about it—is invariably dead drunk.

The Lord Mayor on Recreation is but the old platform principle, on the Mansion House Bench. Some people alloy recreation; no people shall enjoy recreation. Some people misuse Everything; no people shall enjoy Anything.

Lord Mayors, unlike Poets, are made: not born. And before you can be a Lord Mayor, O aspiring Reader, you must be an Alderman. Yet take heart. Though only an Alderman, you *may*, if born under a lucky star, be as wise as a Lord Mayor. There is actually an Alderman as wise as a Lord Mayor, in the present House of Commons. Think of it!

MR. LAYARD, the First Commissioner of Works, whose government of the public Parks is influenced by a sound common sense, and a responsible anxiety for the comfort and enjoyment of their frequenters, worthy of such a man, was engaged a few weeks ago in carrying the estimates of his department through committee of supply, when "MR. ALDERMAN LUSK objected," says the Times' report, "to the licensing of a place for the sale of beer in Victoria Park. He objected to the sale of beer in any park. It was offensive to Tee-Totallers to set up a DRUNKERY in the middle of a park. He was not a Tee-Totaller, but he sympathised with those who were, and he did not want needlessly to give them offence. It did

not become Parliament to set up a beer-shop in the middle of a park, and therefore he protested against it."

As far as we know, Drunkery is a new, as well as an elegant, addition to the English language. It is a forcible word too. A suggestive word besides. The Alderman objects to setting up a Drunkery in the middle of a park. As though one should object to setting up a Hee-Hawery or a Gruntery, in the middle of the House of Commons. We suppose the noun-substantive, Drunkery, to mean a low kind of public-house frequented by persons for the purpose of getting drunk. Mr. Layard, knowing that a minister getting his Estimates through, is set up—not to write it irreverently—like an Aunt Sally, to be shyed at, and that he must take all the sticks that are set a flying at him, did not evade even this poor stick. He condescended to explain that he was not going to set up a Drunkery, but merely to provide sober refreshment for sober people. He endeavoured to hammer into the Aldermanic head that the state of things so much deprecated had for years existed in this very Victoria Park, and in Battersea Park: although in tents on the cricket-fields, and not in brick and mortar Drunkeries. Of course the Alderman was ignorant of the facts, and the vote passed, after he had, as above, released his mighty mind.

Is it generally known in Finsbury, which returns Mr. Alderman Lusk, that there is such a place as the South Kensington Museum? Have his meek constituents heard that there is in that building, which is frequented at all times by vast numbers of sight-seers, many of whom are of that working class which one of our Finsbury M.P.'s affects to think much of at election time, but which he calumniously mistrusts, when elected, a most appalling Drunkery? Do they know, down in Finsbury, that besides the dinners which can be procured there, beer and wine are sold, and not only beer and wine, but spirits? And do they know that the people do NOT get drunk there, do NOT destroy the art-treasures of the place, and do, on the whole—as they do on the whole everywhere—behave themselves almost as well as the Court of Common Council? If so, will they do themselves the justice to point this out to their shining light?

What do they say, down in Finsbury, to that enormous and pestilent Drunkery known as the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham? Did they ever attend that build-

ing on a popular day when the shilling public was on hand? Let some Finsbury voters inquire of the officers of the establishment, and they will find that although the visitors have the privilege of obtaining as much beer as they like, they are not in the habit of leaving Messrs. Bertram and Roberts's counter and running amuck down the centre transept, or getting up fights in the Nineveh court, like Drury-lane ruffians in a gin-shop bar.

Will they ask the worthy Alderman, down in Finsbury, distinctly by what moral right he stigmatises a well-regulated place for the sale of beer in a park, as a Drunkery? Will they ask him by what other word he will describe the favourite places we have instanced, and twenty more of a similar kind for the recreation of decent people grossly libelled, all over and about London?

In this Journal, and in its predecessor, a conscientious and consistent stand has always been made against the monstrous extravagance and injustice of the Tee-Totalism that persists in attacking and defaming those who use and do not abuse. In our knowledge of the darker ways of great cities we yield to few men living, if any. Of the miseries and vices that accompany drunkenness—sometimes its causes, sometimes its effects—we have seen woful sights. We should be hopeless, alike of a drunken servant and a drunken son. If either were disposed to take the Tee-Total pledge, we would urge him to take it, as a last trial. But we protest, and always will protest while life remains to us, against the restraining of the moderate by the immoderate, against the domination of the virtuous by the vicious. If a hundred thousand people such as ourselves were to become Tee-Totallers to-morrow, our reason is convinced that every slave to drink would still remain in slavery. In the last hundred years, in the last fifty years, in the last quarter of a century, drunkenness has steadily decreased. Judging by all reasonable analogy, it will, in the next hundred years, in the next fifty, in the next twenty-five, yet steadily decrease, though more rapidly. By all means let all drunkards who can be got to take the pledge and to keep it, take it and keep it. Meanwhile, let the sober people alone. And take well to heart the truth that nothing will eradicate the black sediment of drunkenness deposited by poverty, misery, and ignorance, save a gradual awakening of self-respect in low depths, through a wise and beneficent system pervading all legislation.

But, to return to the Alderman returned

by Finsbury. His nature is so delicate, it seems, that "though he is not a Tee-Totaller he sympathises with those who are," and he "does not want needlessly to give THEM offence"! Is there any logic down in Finsbury? Some voters who profess Tee-Totalism, there evidently are; but is there any aldermanically-damaging fragment of logic among those who are not? Are we sober people, and our wives, and our children, and our neighbours and friends, to submit to be charged with frequenting a Drunkery, because we choose to take a pint of beer in Victoria Park? Are our characters to be blackened by the imputation of a shameful vice, and are the comfort and convenience of us the vast majority to be as nothing? A pint of beer in Victoria Park may be a stumbling-block to somebody who doesn't want it, and who won't have it; and therefore everybody who does want it, shall go without it! Cigars may be sold in Victoria Park. Let us have no Smokery there, or we may give offence to the Anti-Tobacco League! Chops may be announced in Victoria Park. Let no Flesh-eatery be established there, or we shall never be voted for by a member of the Vegetarian Society! Is everything to be forbidden everywhere that is offensive to somebody? Why, some day it might strike some members of the House of Commons that the presence in that assembly of some Alderman, might be offensive to some persons in Finsbury!

The combination of the Victoria Park Drunkery, and the great Recreation theory, suggested to us the expediency of a Saturday visit to Victoria Park. Firstly, for the reason that though we had seen many Saturday half-holidays, our way had not lain in a north-easterly direction; and, secondly, because we were anxious to see the Drunkery, and the stroke of business done in it. So, on the Saturday succeeding the brilliant parliamentary achievement of Finsbury's Anointed, we proceeded thither.

There was no doubt, anywhere on our road, about its being a holiday. Everybody had a general look of being cleaned up for the afternoon, and little hand-baskets were being carried to the railway stations leading suburb-ward, by many excursionists. An eruption of flannel cricketing trousers had broken out on the knifeboards of the omnibuses. Volunteers, in uniform of all hues and cuts, were hurrying toward all points of the compass, to drill. Shops were being shut up in all directions. But even under these circumstances the public-houses

were not unusually full, and there was no sign of that sad, sad, increase of drunkenness. We presently emerged into the Hackney-road, and became satisfied, owing to the number of cricketers all moving in one direction, that Hackney-road must be our right road. Presently, passing over a pretty bridge across an ugly canal, we were in the scene of the Drunkenery—the Park.

The first impressions of Victoria Park are not striking. It is large and rather barren. Dismal and mangy tracts of land surround it, belonging (as we afterwards found) to the Woods and Forests, and to be let for building purposes. Not attractive to builders, however, as it would seem. The sun was very hot, and there was a deal of dust, and the north-east wind was sharp. On further acquaintance, Victoria Park improves. Closer inspection discerns pleasant gardens, and shady shrubberies laid out with taste, and kept with great neatness. Wherever a seat can be put under the shade of a tree, there a seat will be found; wherever there is a chance for a pleasant little resting place among the green shrubs, there such a resting place is contrived. It cannot be said that the gardens of Victoria Park are equal to those of Hyde Park; but they are very pretty, for all that, and no doubt give as much pleasure to their visitors. On holidays, it is fashionable to visit Victoria Park, in numbers quite extraordinary. Nor is it found, though the great mass of the visitors is of the poorer class, and though the park is surrounded by public-houses, that this leads to any particularly disorderly conduct, or that the people are less careful of the shrubs and flowers, here, than elsewhere. The park—or at least the ornamental portion—is not very full, however, this Saturday afternoon. Monday, or even Tuesday, is a greater day than Saturday. The old custom of keeping St. Monday has not, in these parts, yet been quite superseded by the more modern and more humanising institution of St. Saturday. Still, there is a very respectable number of half-holiday makers, who show no outward signs of that evil condition, which, according to the Lord Mayor, should be normal to them.

Turning a corner, we came unexpectedly upon a pretty scene: new to us, although something like it may be seen on the Serpentine. A long lake, or piece of ornamental water, covered with the glancing white sails of model yachts, its banks covered by an eager busy crowd of north-east London yachtsmen. From the little

boat sold at the conventional toy-shop, and which capsizes with singular readiness, up to the complete model, six feet or more in length, which makes its way along as if it were smartly handled by pigmy mariners, every sort of boat is to be seen on this miniature Southampton water. Artful arrangements of tillers enable the larger models to sail where they will, and even, assisted by cunning sticks on shore, to go about when the land is too nearly made. The latest fashions in sails may here be seen. Fashionable square topsails, spinakers, balloon jibs, and what not; and, like their larger sisters of the rivers and seas, some of these little vessels carry a *Mont Blanc* of canvas, to a *Chamounix-châlet* of hull. As we watch the proprietors tenderly setting the sails of their little craft, anxiously adjusting the tillers, proudly launching their humble *Cambrias* and *Julias*, or eagerly, with long stick in hand, following their course down the lake, it strikes us that this is surely an innocent amusement, and one not specially calculated to lead to an immoderate consumption of strong drink.

Further on, and past Miss Burdett Coutts's beautiful drinking fountain, which appears highly popular, is an arid waste and a stony. Here, swings and roundabouts are set up, somewhat—O name it not in Finsbury!—after the manner of a Fair, and giddiness is dispensed to those who like it at so much a whirl. Business is slack to-day, however.

If the half-holiday makers be not discoverable in great numbers anywhere else, there are plenty of them on the cricket-ground, which is absolutely covered with players. Balls fly about in a showery manner terrifying to the nervous or short-sighted spectator; and the cries of "Thank you, sir!" "Ball, please!" and the like, would do honour to the Playing Fields at Eton, or Parker's Piece at Cambridge, on a busy day. Sixteen matches go on here simultaneously, on Saturday afternoons: regular matches, be it understood, without reference to scratch games and desultory practice. He must be a wise batsman in Victoria Park who knows his own ball; and, if he be so minded, a man fielding may catch (irrespective of the immediate interests of his side) as many balls as *Ramo Samee*. As we make our way cautiously, along a ridge or high ground that divides this battle-field, we have just time to note that the taste in flannel shirts and caps is florid in this part of the world, combinations of scarlet and light blue being most in

favour, when—O Heaven and Finsbury!—we come upon a Drunkery! Here is absolutely a tent, unblushingly holding itself out to mankind as The Morpeth Castle:—too obviously an offshoot of the Morpeth Castle Tavern, which is to be observed defiantly flying its flag outside the park yonder! Beer is being consumed here: not only by cricketers, but by spectators, and the feelings of Tee-Total players are in course of being outraged frightfully. Yet somehow nobody gets drunk. Do we not know on the best authority that these people *ought* to do what they ought not to do? Say, Finsbury! And yet, Finsbury, they don't, and they won't.

But a canvas Drunkery is not what we seek. Our more substantial Drunkery must be sought elsewhere.

At the other end of the park is a lake, studded with small islands, on whose placid waters the athletic youth of the neighbourhood pursue the sport of rowing. It is a tranquil spot, pleasantly shaded with trees, and made as much of as possible by the landscape gardener's art; so that, though in reality but a pond, it seems a lake of fair proportions. On its otherwise virtuous banks, is the Drunkery. It looks a modest building enough, and is a very, a very, little Drunkery. At present it has not arrived at any distinct position in the world, inasmuch as it has been made the subject of a small trade "dodge." A licence cannot be granted to its lessee until it has been rated for the relief of the poor. The local vestry—whether inspired by a regard for the feelings of Tee-Totallers, or, which is much more likely, the interests of the publicans near the park—has refused the application for assessment, and so, for the moment, private interests stand in the way of a public accommodation.

If the exterior of this Drunkery be inoffensive, its interior is even more so. It is quite clear that bar drinking is not the object here. There is a sufficiency of chairs, and little tables (doubtless considered un-English by the neighbouring publicans), and there can be no doubt of the correctness of Mr. Layard's declaration that the place is intended for the rational entertainment of respectable people. The guarantees for the proper conduct of the place, and for the due observance of the First Commissioner's regulations, are two; one, is the power that the Commissioner possesses of turning out the lessee if any improprieties be permitted; the other, is the well-known respectability of the existing lessee: who has filled most

of the chief offices of the Licensed Victuallers' Society, and against whom even the opponents of the Drunkery have not a word to say.

On the other side of the water is a sort of arcade, now devoted to the sale, by the wife of a park constable, of ginger beer, biscuits, nuts, and similar mild articles. Even this humble refreshment-room has been objected to by the landlord of a public-house at the park gates, as injurious to his business! (Notice, Finsbury, how needful it is that the little model yacht, The Alderman, on the lake yonder, should trim its sails and manage its tiller so as to keep off both shores!)

Mr. Layard will be too strong in the long run for the disinterested opponents he has had to encounter. The combination of publicans and saints is novel; but, as the temper of the House of Commons was clearly with him, and not with Finsbury, so the common sense and the sense of justice of the public will be with him too.

To the Tee-Totallers (of whom the shining light of Finsbury is not one, though so keenly considerate of their feelings) we commend, in conclusion, without loss of temper, a passage from an Address, very famous in America, of GOVERNOR ANDREW, of the State of Massachusetts:

"Do you tell me that these arguments have a tendency indirectly to encourage and defend useless and harmful drinking, and that silence would have been better—for the sake of a great and holy cause?"

"Do you suppose that the people of every class and persuasion—taught by professors and practitioners of medical science of every school to take wines and beer as tonics, and restoratives, and as part of their diet, in illness, in age, or on occasions of physical depression—will, in their hearts, believe your declaration that they are essentially and characteristically poisonous? Do you think that the children at our firesides will believe that the Apostle was a perverter when, instead of commanding *total abstinence*, he enjoined *freedom from excess* of wine? Do you imagine they will forget, that he who made the best wine which the guests enjoyed at the marriage feast in Galilee (because He came 'eating and drinking' while John the Baptist was a Nazarite and drank no wine) was aspersed by the Jewish Pharisees as a 'wine-bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners'?"

"The people and the children are not blind to the inconsistencies and sophistries



of those who claim to lead them. They can distinguish the truths of the Gospel, and the practical dictates of Reason, from the controversial theories of 'contentious conscientiousness.'"

### ORIENTAL LIFE IN LITTLE.

THOSE who remember the dark poking rooms at the India House in Leadenhall-street, and the curious things which rendered those rooms interesting, will be glad to learn that our old friend the Tiger is still in preservation, although much dimmed by the dust of time. We have still the incentive to meditate on that glittering savage, Tippoo Sultan, to whom the tiger belonged; and we may, if we like, ask whether a later savage, Nana Sahib, would have felt an equal pleasure in listening to the mimic shrieks of a wooden or papier-maché Englishman (or woman, or child). But this tiger is only one thing among a thousand; although certainly a very special thing of its kind.

During the couple of centuries marked by the career of the East India Company, and especially during the second of the two centuries, many odds and ends collected in the East were transmitted to London, and there placed in spare rooms in the old East India House—now replaced by a cluster of commercial chambers. When there was enough of these miscellaneous objects to merit the dignified name of a Museum, an order from a director of the company would admit a visitor to see it; but at a later date a more liberal plan was adopted, by admitting the public generally for three hours on Saturdays. You entered the central vestibule; you wound about two or three passages, and ascended forty stairs; and then you found six or eight rooms, very scantily supplied with window-light. In these rooms the curiosities were stowed, some in very dark corners, and some on shelves too high up to be seen; but there was wherewithal to whet one's interest in the doings and the products of the East. In process of time came the Mutiny, and its consequent fierce encounters; then the virtual extinction of the great company; next desolation of the old East India House; and the final demolition of the building. The removal of the Museum being necessary, an arrangement was made with the government for the use of Fife House, Whitehall; and there the Museum was open to the public for about seven years. Towards the close of what may be called the Leadenhall period, the directors had increased the number of hours in the year when the collection was open for public inspection, to four hours in the day on two days in the week; and when the transference to a new house was completed, the facility was further increased to six hours a day on three days in the week. Then came the building of the new India Office: a sort of twin brother of the new Foreign Office. In this new India Office, some, at least, of the contents of the Museum are now deposited.

And here we will give expression to a bundle of hopes. We hope that the staircase, mounting up to infinite altitude, and about as broad as that of an ordinary eight-roomed house, is only a temporary one. We hope that the present exhibited collection is only to be regarded as an instalment of that which will be placed open to us one day, when the stores possessed by the India Department shall have been made fully available. We hope that Dr. Forbes Watson, the indefatigable curator of the Museum, will be able to supply a few more labels or inscriptions, in the absence of a catalogue. We hope that the time for public admission will be something more than three hours on one day in the week. And we hope that the formality of giving one's card to the door-keeper is not to be insisted on. Many symptoms lead us to believe that the architect was not originally instructed to include a Museum in his plan; that the Museum was an after thought; and that the restrictive, exclusive system which has been adopted, is a result of cramping for room, arising from this want of architectural fitness.\* Be this as it may, the arrangements will probably improve as they gradually get into working order; in the mean time we may congratulate all concerned on the capital manner in which the place is lighted; everything can be well seen.

This Museum illustrates, more completely than the British or the South Kensington Museums can do, the habits and customs, the arts and sciences, the growths and products, the utilities and luxuries, of Oriental countries. Take the case of warlike arms. Every possible scimitar and dagger that could have been used by Blue Beard and by Timour the Tartar, by rajahs and nabobs, by shahs and moguls, by Sikhs and Rajpoots, by Afghans and Scindians, may here be seen. Also, the oddest-looking muskets and matchlocks, some of them decorated with that peculiar kind of wavy surface known by the name of damascening. It would be an interesting point for our Snider and Whitworth folks to ascertain how far the two guiding principles of barrel-rifling and breech-loading have been known to the ingenious Orientals; and how far the same Orientals have studied the differences between steel and other metals as the material for various kinds of arms.

The fibrous products of India have engaged a large amount of attention on the part of Dr. Royle and Dr. Forbes Watson. The subject is an important one, seeing that the manufacturers of textile materials, of paper, of bagging and sacking, of ropes and matting, are greatly dependent on the supply of such fibres. The official precincts of Downing-

\* Our hopes are likely to be realised in due time. It is now announced that the Council of India has authorised the architect to prepare plans for a new structure; to contain the whole collection belonging to the Museum, as well as a geographical department. The new building is to occupy another side of the quadrangle.

street illustrate some only of the collected stores which are available; but we believe that Dr. Forbes Watson is laudably endeavouring to get these fibres well known in the manufacturing districts: a mode of really benefitting both India and England. The same may be said of the drugs, oils, dyes, tanning materials, and vegetable foods, of the East; the more they are known in this country, the more probability there is that the industrious Hindu will "see the colour" of English money, and feel the benefit of English manufactures. This is, indeed, the department to which the greatest additions have been made by the India authorities during the last dozen years or so; and although the exhibited contents of the Museum comprise only a per-centage of the whole store, there are materials for many a useful lesson there. Nor is the animal kingdom neglected; the hair, wool, fur, feathers, skins, hides, vellum, horn, bone, silk, &c., of Oriental animals are variously illustrated.

But to see the Hindu at home is perhaps the most instructive part of the Museum; to see him surrounded by the material requisite for his daily existence. In regard to his trade or employment, we find models of looms, ploughs, mills, smiths' bellows, windlasses, pestles and mortars. In his travelling appliances we find the gorgeous howdah, the lazy palanquin, the *dak* postchaise, and the rude cart. In his culinary and table arrangements, very marvels of simplicity, we have the hand-mill with which the women grind the corn; the pans for parching the grain, and the rice; the dough-trough for making the cakes; the suspended crock for the boilings and steamings; the bits of skewers that serve as a substitute for the roasting-jack; the vessels for drinking, which must be used exclusively by their owners, under pain of loss of caste by pollution from other lips. The little models, constructed by Hindu fingers, are especially valuable as illustrations of this kind, seeing that they represent at once the people and the implements. The tailor is shown, exactly as he sits while making or mending a garment; the shoemaker has his own traditional mode of using a lapstone; the bricklayer, plasterer, mason, carpenter, and smith, are shown with their house-building tools and implements; the painter, glazier, plumber, gilder, decorator, are duly present; the quarryman, brickmaker, sower, reaper, ploughman, irrigator; the makers and users of all sorts of things; are here to be seen in great variety. The family groups, too, include models of women wrapped up in their clothing in an odd way, children with no clothing at all, and babies packed and strapped into oblong bundles without power of using a limb, poor little wretches! One group of models represents a native court of appeal, the contending litigants, the counsel, the witnesses, the judge, the clerks, the police, and the public: wonderfully like Westminster Hall, in spirit, if not in outward form. Another is a very gorgeous affair, an Indian prince

being entertained with a nautch or dance; the prince, courtiers, dancing girls, musicians, hookahs, refreshment trays, dresses, cushions, curtains, all are as glittering as gold and colour and embroidery can make them.

The musical instruments brought from the East are in many cases very curious, showing peculiar modes of applying the same principles as those with which we are all familiar. One consists of about three octaves of sounding sticks, flattish pieces of hard wood from ten to fifteen inches in length; they are ranged along a double string, with the surfaces horizontal, and emit a dullish, wooden sound when struck with a cork hammer. Yes, Master Bonny's *Xylophone* was long ago anticipated in the East, but in a primitive way which that young performer would by no means have recognised. The monotonous tom-tom is here, in its glory of tinsel and tinkling appendages, ready to be tapped by the nimble fingers of the Hindu. The wind instruments and stringed instruments, of whatever forms they may be, impress one with the idea that the national music for which they are suited, must be of a very primitive and undeveloped kind; and this, indeed, we know to be the case: rhythm, melody, and harmony, all being deficient.

The costume of the natives of India, from the rajah to the pariah, can here be studied with great completeness. The kind of spun fibres employed, the kind of stuff woven from the fibres, and the shape of the garment. The study can best be carried on by means of several splendid volumes of photographs and specimens, prepared at the cost of the India Department, by Dr. Forbes Watson; but even without these, there is wherewithal at the Museum to excite the interest of our spinners, weavers, tailors, and dressmakers. We find, for instance, that a large proportion of India clothing is made entirely in the loom: that is, not merely the material, but the garment itself is made by weaving, without the aid of the scissors or needle. Among these loom-made garments are the pugaree or turban, made of a quadrangular piece of woven material, twisted up in an almost infinite number of ways; the loonghie or body-garment, a kind of long shawl wound round in even a greater number of ways than the turban; the dhotee, a sort of loin-cloth, sometimes the only covering except the turban, of the poorest class of natives; the cummer-bund or waist-band, a very long strip about a foot wide, and wrapped around the person as voluminously as the wearer may choose; the pitambus, a sort of silken dhotee worn by the Brahmins when at meals; the saree, a shawl so large as to serve a Hindu woman for shawl, head-dress, and even petticoat, according to the way in which it is thrown around the person; the booka, an enormous veil worn instead of the saree, with holes for the eyes to peep through. If we wish to know the infinite capabilities of a quadrangular piece of cloth as a garment, we may learn something from the Scotch plaid, and something from the Spanish mantilla, but very much more

from the Hindu pugaree, loonghie, and saree. Some of the sarees are nine yards long, by a yard and a half wide. Of course there are other garments made up with the aid of the scissors and needle, such as the taj or small conical cap; the col, or cap with a knob at the top; the topee, or large and elegant state cap; the long calico coat; the paejama, or trousers for both sexes; the cholee, or closely-fitting bodice; the peakwaz or skirt. It is also interesting to note the extent to which the native dyers and weavers and calico printers, have been able to produce pattern, by means of stripes, checks, spots, twills, chintz-glazing, embroidery, and fringe work. As to muslins, it is marvellous what the fingers of the Hindu are able to accomplish. Dr. Forbes Watson, a few years ago, caused the finest known specimen of Dacca muslin to be examined by the microscope; it was found that the thread which the weaver employed, was only a seven-hundred-and-fiftieth part of an inch in thickness: that is, seven such threads, laid side by side, would be less than a hundredth of an inch in width. Each thread contained about nine of the ultimate cotton filaments.

The flagree-working and the ivory carving at the Museum, show us that those two arts have arrived in India at a degree of perfection scarcely equalled in any other country. We can understand this better, when we remember how small is the value of time in those parts. Where men can live upon twopence a day, it is not a matter of serious concern that an ornamental piece of work should sometimes take a workman months, or even years, to execute.

Among the thousand and one oddities that meet the view, in this instalment only of the collection possessed by the India Department, are pictures relating to Oriental subjects, prints and drawings of Indian scenery and buildings, models of proas and catamarans and other kinds of boats, stuffed animals and dried fishes, small specimens illustrating the natural history of India, cases of butterflies and beetles, cases of eggs and birds, pipes and hookahs from the very humble to the very gorgeous, models of temples and sacred buildings, idols that are in favour, some among the Brahmins and some among the Buddhists.

But a few words must be spared for the Tiger. Surely the world contains not such another! When Tippoo Sultan was defeated and killed at Seringapatam, in 1799, the English troops found in the palace, a figure of a tiger tearing to pieces a prostrate soldier, intended to represent an Englishman. The tiger was moderately well modelled; the soldier was ludicrously bad: made to be laughed at, it would seem. This tiger was a musical instrument. A handle in the shoulder turned a spindle and crank; and this crank was connected with mechanism which filled nearly the whole of the tiger and the man. One part of the music consisted of the shrieks and groans of the man; another, of two or three roaring sounds, intended to imitate the growl of the tiger; while, to produce certain musical effects,

of which the purpose is not now quite clear, there were eighteen organ pipes, nine studs or keys to play them, two stops to divide them into qualities of sound, and bellows to blow them. Such was Tippoo's tiger, which he used to enjoy as a musical instrument: listening alternately to the shrieks of the biped, and the growls of the quadruped. It has travelled from Seringapatam to Leadenhall-street; thence to Fife House, and now to the new India office. It is certainly none the better for its migrations. The stripes of the tiger are nearly gone, and the paint is chipped off. The pipes, the keys, and the stops are there, it is true; but the bellows have lost their wind, and we suspect there will be no more shrieking or growling. As to the Englishman, he certainly is the very picture of misery, with his stiff legs, black shoes, yellow painted buckles, round black hat, scarlet coat, green breeches, and yellow stockings, all begrimed with seventy years of dust and tarnish.

#### KING PIPPIN'S PALACE.

I DEEPLY regret that it should be my duty to sound the alarm; but I am constrained to state my fears that there is something the matter with our old, and, generally, esteemed friend the Dwarf. I don't meet him in society, that is to say, at the fairs as I was wont to do; and although I do not overlook the fact that I have ceased to attend fairs, and that, indeed, there are very few fairs of the old kind left to frequent, it is difficult to avoid the unpleasant conviction that dwarfs, as a race, are dying out. Very recently, in his strange, eloquent romance, *L'homme qui rit*, M. Victor Hugo has told us that the pigny, preferably monstrous and deformed, whose pictured semblance is to be found in so many works of the old Italian and German masters, was, to most intents and purposes, a manufactured article. That mysterious association of the "Comprachicos," of whom M. Hugo has told us so many strange things, pursued, among their varied branches of industry, the art of fabricating hunchbacked, abominous, hydrocephalous, and spindle-shanked dwarfs for the European market: the purchasers being the princes, potentates, and wealthy nobles of the continent. The Comprachicos would seem to have borrowed the mystery of dwarf-making from the Chinese, who had an agreeable way of putting a young child into a pot of arbitrary form, from which the top and bottom had been knocked out, and in the sides of which were two holes, through which the juvenile patient's arms protruded. The merry consequence was that young master's

body, if he did not die during the process, grew to be of the shape of the pot, and, so far as the torso went, the order of amateurs for a spherical dwarf, or an oval dwarf, or an hexagonal dwarf, or a dwarf with knobs on his chest, or an "egg-and-tongue" pattern on his shoulders, could be executed with promptitude and despatch.\*

But we have another informant, of perhaps greater weight and authority, who has told us in what manner dwarfs, and bandy, and rickety, and crooked-spined children can be manufactured without the aid either of the Comprachicos or of the Chinese potters. The learned and amiable Cheselden has dwelt minutely in his *Anatomy* on the wickedly cruel and barbarous folly which marked the system of nursing babies in his time, and has shown how the practice of tightly swaddling and unskilfully carrying infants was calculated to cripple and deform their limbs, and to stunt their growth. We have grown wonderfully wiser since Cheselden's time, although I have heard some cynics mutter that the custom of growing children in pipkins could not have been more detrimental to health or to the symmetry of the human form than is the modern fashion of tight lacing.

Be all this as it may, I still hold that the dwarf—well, the kind of dwarf who can be seen for a penny at a fair—continues, as the French say, "to make himself desired." Surely his falling off must be due to the surcease of the manufacture. Old manufactured dwarfs are as difficult to light upon as Mortlake tapestry or Chelsea china, simply, I suppose, because tapestry is no longer woven at Mortlake, and Chelsea produces no more

porcelain ware. To an amateur of dwarfs it is positively distressing to read the numerous detailed accounts which the historians have left us of bygone troglodytes. Passing by such world-famous manikins as Sir Jeffery Hudson and Count Borulawski, where can one hope, in this degenerate age, to light on a Madame Teresia, better known by the designation of the Corsican Fairy, who came to London in 1773, being then thirty years of age, thirty-four-inches high, and weighing twenty-six pounds? "She possessed much vivacity and spirit, could speak Italian and French with fluency, and gave the most inquisitive mind an agreeable entertainment." England has produced a rival to Madame Teresia in Miss Anne Shepherd, who was three feet ten inches in height, and was married, in Charles the First's time, to Richard Gibson, Esq., page of the backstairs to his majesty, and a distinguished miniature painter. Mr. Gibson was just forty-six inches high, and he and his bride were painted "in whole length" by Sir Peter Lely. The little couple are said to have had nine children, who all attained the usual standard of mankind; and three of the boys, according to the chronicles of the backstairs, enlisted in the Life Guards.

But what are even your Hudsons and your Gibsons, your Corsican Fairies, and your Anne Shepherds to the dwarfs of antiquity? Where am I to look for a parallel to the homunculus who flourished in Egypt in the time of the Emperor Theodosius, and who was so small of body that he resembled a partridge, yet had all the functions of a man, and would sing tuneably? Mark Antony is said to have owned a dwarf called Sisyphus, who was not of the full height of two feet, and was yet of a lively wit. Had this Sisyphus been doomed to roll a stone it must surely have been no bigger than a schoolboy's marble. Ravius—who was Ravius?—narrates that Augustus Cæsar exhibited in his plays one Lucius, a young man born of honest parents, who was twenty-three inches high, and weighed seventeen pounds; yet had he a strong voice. In the time of Jamblichus, also, lived Alypius of Alexandria, a most excellent logician, and a famous philosopher, but so small in body that he hardly exceeded a cubit, or one foot five inches and a half in height. And, finally, Carden tells us—but who believes Carden?—that he saw a man of full age in Italy, not above a cubit high, and who was

\* Setting M. Hugo's wild myth of the Comprachicos entirely on one side, most students of the social history of England are aware that the custom of kidnapping children (generally to be sold as slaves in the West Indies or the American plantations) was frightfully prevalent in this country in the seventeenth, and during the early part of the eighteenth century, and that Bristol was dishonourably distinguished as the port whence the greater number of the hapless victims were despatched beyond sea. And it is a very curious circumstance, which appears to have been overlooked by Lord Macaulay in his notice of Jeffries, that the infamous judge, shortly before the Bloody Assize, went down to Bristol, and delivered to the grand jury at the assizes a most eloquent and indignant charge, overflowing with sentiments of humanity, bearing on the practice of kidnapping children for the plantations—a practice which his lordship roundly accused the corporation of Bristol of actively aiding and abetting for their own advantage and gain. Jeffries' charge is preserved in the library of the British Museum, and is as edifying to read as the sentimental ballad *What is Love?* by Mr. Thomas Paine, or as would be an *Essay upon Cruelty to Animals*, with proposals for the suppression thereof, by the late Emperor Nero.



carried about in a parrot's cage. "This," remarks Wanley, in his *Wonders of the Little World*, "would have passed my belief had I not been told by a gentleman of a clear reputation, that he saw a man at Sienna, about two years since, not exceeding the same stature. A Frenchman he was, of the county of Limosin, with a formal beard, who was likewise shown in a cage for money, at the end whereof was a little hatch into which he retired, and when the assembly was full came forth and played on an instrument." The very thing we have all seen at the fairs, substituting the simulacrum of a three-storied house for a cage, and not forgetting the modern improvements of the diminutive inmate ringing a bell, and firing a pistol out of the first-floor window!

And after banquetting on these bygone dwarfs, who were scholars and gentlemen, as well as monstrosities, for was not Alypius, cited above, a famous logician and philosopher? and did not Richard Gibson, Esq., teach Queen Anne the art of drawing, and proceed on a special mission to Holland to impart artistic instruction to the Princess of Orange? after dwelling on the dwarfs who formed part of the retinue of William of Normandy when he invaded England, and who held the bridle of the Emperor Otho's horse; after remembering the dwarfs whom Dominichino and Raffaele, Velasquez and Paul Veronese have introduced in their pictures; after this rich enjoyment of dwarfish record I am thrown back on General Tom Thumb. I grant the General, and the Commodore, and their ladykind a decent meed of acknowledgment. I confess them calm, self-possessed, well bred, and innocuous; but I have no heart to attend their "levées." Nutt, in the caricature of a naval uniform, does not speak to my heart; I have no ambition to see Thumb travestied as the late Emperor Napoleon—that conqueror could, upon occasion, cause himself to appear even smaller than Thumb—nor am I desirous of purchasing photographic cartes de visite of Minnie Warren. My dwarf is the gorgeously attired little pagod of the middle ages; the dwarf who pops out of a pie at a court banquet; the dwarf who runs between the court jester's legs and trips him up; the dwarf of the king of Brobdingnag, who is jealous of Gulliver, and souses his rival in a bowl of cream, and gets soundly whipped for his pains. Or, in default of this pigmy, give me back the dwarf of my youth in his sham three-storied houses, with his tinkling bell and sounding pistol.

It is not to be, I presume. These many years past I have moodily disbursed in divers parts of the world sundry francs, lire, guilders, florins, thalers, reals, dollars, piastres, and mark-banco for the sight of dwarfs; but they (Thumb and his company included) have failed to come up to my standard of dwarfish excellence. Did you ever meet with anything or anybody that could come up to that same standard? Man never is, but always to be blest; still, although my dreams of dwarfs have not as yet been fully realised, I have been able to enjoy the next best thing to fulfilment. I call to mind perhaps the wonderfullest dwarfs' house existing on the surface of this crazy globe. It is a house in the construction and the furniture of which many thousands of pounds were expended; and it was built by a king for his son. It is for this reason that I have called the diminutive mansion "The Palace of King Pippin."

King Pippin's Palace is in Spain, and has been shamefully neglected by English tourists in that interesting country. For my part I think that it would be a great advantage to picturesque literature if the Alhambra and the Alcazar, the Bay of Cadiz, and the Rock of Gibraltar, the Sierra Morena and the Mezquita of Cordova, the Cathedral of Burgos, and the Bridge of Toledo, could be eliminated altogether from Spanish topography. By those means travellers in Spain would have a little more leisure to attend to a number of "cosas de España" which are at present passed by almost without notice. Among them is this incomparable dwarf house of mine. You will observe that I have excluded the Escorial from the catalogue of places which English sight-seers in the Peninsula might do well, for a time, to forget. The Real Monasterio de San Lorenzo must needs be visited, for King Pippin's Palace is a dependency of that extraordinary pile. Few tourists have the courage to admit, in print at least, that this palace-monastery, or monastery-palace of the Escorial is a gigantic bore. When it was my lot to visit it, my weariness began even before I had entered its halls; for in the railway carriage which conveyed our party from Madrid to the "Gridiron station" there was a fidgetty little Andalusian, a maker of guitar strings, I think he was, at Utrera, who was continually rebounding on the cushions like a parched pea in a fire-shovel, and crying out to us, "El edificio, caballeros, donde está el edi-

ficio?" It was his first visit to the Northern provinces of his native country, and he was burning to see the "edificio." To him, evidently, there was but one edifice in the world, and that was the Escorial. When at last he caught sight of its sullen façades, its stunted dome and blue slate roofs, the little Andalusian fell into a kind of ecstasy, and protruded so much of his body out of the carriage window, that I expected him every moment to disappear altogether. To my surprise, however, when the train drew up at the station he did not alight, but murmuring the conventional "Pues, Señores, echemos un cigarito," "Well, gentlemen, let us make a little cigar," calmly rolled up a tube of paper with tobacco, lit it, and adding, "Vamos al Norte," subsided into sleep, and, the train aiding, pursued his journey to the Pyrenees, or Paris, or the North Pole, or wheresoever else he was bound. He was clearly a philosopher. He had seen "El edificio" from afar off. Was not that enough? I dare say when he went back to Utrera he talked guide-book by the page to his friends, and minutely described all the marvels of the interior of the palace. I rarely think of the little Andalusian without recalling Sheridan's remark to his son Tom, about the coal pits: "Can't you say you've been down?"

The "Edifice" itself is really and without exaggeration a bore. The good pictures have all been taken away to swell the attractions of the Real Museo at Madrid; the jolly monks have been driven out and replaced by a few meagre, atrabilious-looking, shovel-hatted seminarists (even these, since the last political earthquake in Spain, may have disappeared) and it is with extreme difficulty that you can persuade the custodes to show you the embroidered vestments in the sacristy, or the illuminated manuscripts in the library. The guardians of every public building in Spain have a settled conviction that all foreign travellers are Frenchmen, who, following the notable example of Marshals Soult and Victor in the Peninsular War, are bent on stealing something. Moreover, the inspection of embroidered copes, dalmatics, and chasubles soon palls on sight-seers who are not crazy upon the subject of Ritualism; and as for being trotted through a vast library when you have no time to read the books, all I can say is, that in this respect I prefer a bookstall in Gray's-inn-lane, with free access to the "twopenny box," to the library of the Escorial, to the Bibliothèque Impériale, the Bodleian, Sion College, and

the library of St. Mark to boot. The exterior of the Escorial, again, is absolutely hideous; its grim granite walls, pierced with innumerable eyelet-holes, with green shutters, remind the spectator equally of the Wellington Barracks, Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, and the Great Northern Hotel at King's-cross. The internal decorations principally consist of huge, sprawling, wall-and-ceiling frescoes by Luca Giordano, surnamed "Luca fa Presto," or Luke in a hurry. This Luke the Labourer has stuck innumerable saints, seraphs, and other celestial personages upon the plaster. He executed his apotheoses by the yard, for which he was paid according to a fixed tariff, a reduction, I suppose, being made for clouds; and the result of his work is about as interesting as that of Sir James Thornhill in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. Almost an entire day must be spent if you wish to see the Escorial thoroughly, and you grow, at last, fretful and peevish well-nigh to distraction at the jargon of the guides, with their monotonous statistics of the eleven thousand windows of the place, the two thousand and two feet of its area, the sixty-three fountains, the twelve cloisters, the sixteen "patios" or courtyards, the eighty staircases, and so forth. As for the relics preserved of that nasty old man Philip the Second, his greasy hat, his walking-stick, his shabby elbow-chair, the board he used to rest his gouty leg upon, they never moved me. There is something beautifully and pathetically interesting in the minutest trifle which remains to remind us of Mary Queen of Scots. Did you ever see her watch, in the shape of a death's head, the works in the brain-pan, and the dial enamelled on the base of the jaw? But who would care about a personal memento of Bloody Queen Mary? She was our countrywoman, but most of us wish to forget her bad individuality, utterly. Should we care anything more about her Spanish husband?

To complete the lugubrious impressions which gather round you in this museum of cruelty, superstition, and madness, you are taken to an appalling sepulchre underground: a circular vault, called, absurdly enough, the "Pantheon," where, on ranges of marble shelves, are sarcophagi containing the ashes of all the kings and queens who have afflicted Spain since the time of Charles the Fifth. This bonehouse is rendered all the more hideous by the fact of its being ornamented in the most garishly theatrical manner with porphyry and verde

antique, with green and yellow Jasper, with bronze gilt bas-reliefs, and carvings in variegated marble, and other gimeracks. There is an old English location which laughs at the man who would put a brass knocker on a pigsty-door. Is such an architect worthier of ridicule than he who paints and gilds and tricks up a charnel-house to the similitude of a playhouse? As, with a guttering wax-taper in your hand, you ascend the staircase leading from this Pantheon into daylight and the world again, your guide whispers to you that to the right is another and ghastlier Golgotha, where the junior scions of Spanish royalty are buried, or rather where their coffins lie huddled together, pell-mell. The polite name for this place, which might excite the indignation of "graveyard" Walker (he put a stop to intramural interments in England, and got no thanks for his pains) is the "Pantheon of the Infantes." The common people call it, with much more brevity and infinitely more eloquence, "El Pudridero," the "rotting place." The best guide-book you can take with you to this portion of the Escorial is Jeremy Taylor's sermon on Death.

Once out of the Escorial, "Luke's iron crown"—I mean the crown of Luca fa Presto's ponderous heroes—is at once removed from your brow, on which it has been pressing with the deadeast of weights. Once rid of the Pantheon, and the stone staircases, and the slimy cloisters, and you feel inclined to chirrup, almost. The gardens are handsome, although shockingly out of repair; but bleak as is the site, swept by the almost ceaseless mountain blasts of the Guadarrama range, it is something to be rid of Luca fa Presto, and Philip the Second, and St. Lawrence and his gridiron, and all their gloomy company. You breathe again; and down in the village yonder there is a not bad inn called the Biscaina, where they cook very decent omelettes, and where the wine is drinkable. But before you think of dining you must see King Pippin's Palace.

This is the "Casita del Principe de abajo," the "little house of the prince on the heights," and was built by Juan de Villanueva, for Charles the Fourth, when heir-apparent. The only circumstances, perhaps, under which a king of Spain can be contemplated with complacency are those of childhood. In Madrid, I used always to have a sneaking kindness for the infantes and infantas—"los niños de España"—who, with their nurses and go-

vernesses, and their escort of dragoons and lancers, used to be driven every afternoon in their gilt coaches drawn by fat mules, through the Puerta del Sol to the Retiro. The guard at the Palace of the Gobernacion used to turn out, the trumpets would be flourished bravely as "los niños" went by. Poor little urchins! In the pictures of Don Diego Velasquez, the niños, in their little ruffs, and kirtles, and farthingales, or their little starched doublets and trunk hose, with their chubby peachy cheeks, their ruddy lips, and great melting black eyes look irresistibly fascinating. Ah! my infantes and infantas of Don Diego, why did you not remain for aye at the Toddlekins' stage? why did you grow up to be tyrants, and madmen, and bigots, and imbeciles, and no better than you should have been? This Carlos the Fourth, for instance, for whom King Pippin's Palace was built, made an exceedingly bad end of it. He was the king who was led by the nose by a worthless wife, and a more worthless favourite, Godoy, who was called "Prince of the Peace," and who lived to be quite forgotten, and to die in a garret in Paris. Carlos the Fourth was the idiot who allowed Napoleon to kidnap him. He was the father of the execrable Ferdinand the Seventh, the betrayer of his country, the restorer of the Inquisition, and the embroiderer of petticoats for the Virgin.

King, or rather Prince Pippin, Charles the Third's son, is represented in a very curious style of portraiture, in one of the apartments of the Escorial itself, a suite fitted up by his father in anti-monastic style, that is to say, in the worst kind of Louis Quinze rococo. The king employed the famous Goya to make a series of designs to be afterwards woven on a large scale in tapestry, and Goya consequently produced some cartoons which, with their reproductions in loom-work, may be regarded as the burlesque antipodes to the immortal patterns which Raffaele set the weavers of Arras. In one of the Goya hangings you see the juvenile members of the royal family at their sports, attended by a select number of young scions of the sangre azul. At what do you think they are playing? at *bull fighting*: a game very popular among the blackguard little street boys of Madrid to this day. One boy plays the bull. He has merely to pop a cloth over his head, holding two sticks passing through holes in the cloth at obtuse angles to his head, to represent the horns of the animal. The "picadores" are children pickaback, who,

with canes for lances, tilt at bull. The "chulos" train their jackets, the "bandarilleros" fling wreathed hoopsticks for darts, in admirable caricature of the real blood-thirsty game you see in the bull-ring. Prince Pippin of course is the "matador," the slayer. He stands alone, superb and magnanimous, intrepidity in his mien, fire in his eye, and a real little Toledo rapier in his hand. Will the bull dare to run at the heir-apparent of the throne of Spain and the Indies? Quien sabe! Train up a child in the way he should go; and a youth of bull-fighting is a fit preparative for a manhood of cruelty and an old age of bigoted superstition.

It is somewhat difficult to give an idea of the precise size of Pippin's Palace. Mr. Ford, who speaks of the entire structure with ineffable contempt, says that it is "just too small to live in, and too large to wear on a watch chain;" but I maintain that the Casita del Principe is quite big enough to be the country residence of Thumb, or Nutt, or Miss Warren, or Gibson, or Hudson, or Ann Shepherd, or Madame Teresia, or Wybrand Lolkes, the Dutch dwarf; a wonderful little fellow with a head like a dolphin's, no perceptible trunk, and two little spindle-shanks like the legs of a skeleton clock. There should properly be a statue cast from the Manikin at Brussels in the vestibule of the Casita; but, if I recollect aright, the only object of sculpture in the hall is a life-size cast of the Apollo Belvedere, whose head of course touches the palatial ceiling. Could that inanimate effigy stand on tiptoe he would assuredly send the first floor flying, and could he perform but one vertical leap, he would have the roof off the palace in the twinkling of a bed-post. There is a tiny grand staircase which (from dolorous experience) I know to be somewhat of a tight fit for a stout tourist; and to increase the exquisite grotesqueness of the whole affair, the walls are panelled in green and yellow jasper and porphyry, and there are verde antique columns and scagliola pilasters, and bas-reliefs in gilt bronze on every side, just as there are in the horrible tomb-house hard by. There are dozens of rooms in King Pippin's Palace: dining-rooms, audience chambers, council chambers, bedrooms, libraries, ante-chambers, boudoirs, guard-rooms, and ball rooms, the dimen-

sions of which vary between those of so many store-cupboards, and so many midshipmen's sea-chests. But the pearl, the cream, the consummation of the crack-brained joke is that the furniture does not in any way harmonise with the proportions of the building. The house is a baby one, but the furniture is grown up. The chairs and tables are suited for the accommodation of adults of full growth. The walls are hung with life-size portraits of the Spanish Bourbons. The busts, statuettes, French clocks, chandeliers, China gimcracks, and ivory baubles are precisely such as you might see in a palace inhabited by grown-up kings and princes. The whole place is a pippin into which a crazy king has endeavoured to cram the contents of a pumpkin; and, but for the high sense I entertain of the obligations of decorum, and the indelicacy of wounding the susceptibilities of foreigners, I might, had the proper appliances been at hand, have wound up my inspection of the Palace of King Pippin, by ringing a shrill peal on a hand-bell, or firing a pistol out of the first-floor window.

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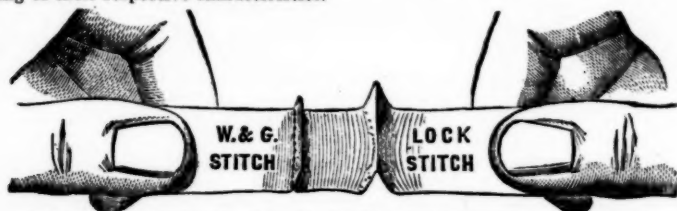


# BATTLE OF THE STITCHES.

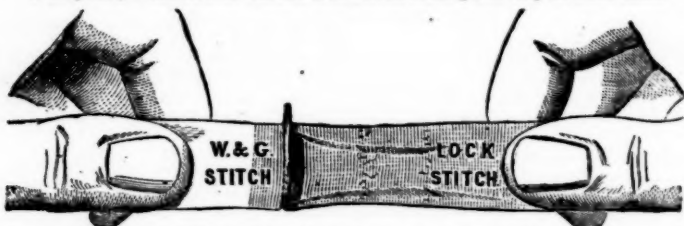
For ten years those acknowledged family nuisances—the double-thread Sewing Machines—were tolerated in the household, notwithstanding the perplexities, hindrances, and vexations inseparable from their use.

It is now becoming more generally known that “double-thread” means double machinery and double labour to work it, and a hundred-fold perplexity and weariness. These Machines are, therefore, now never bought for family use, except through misapprehension; and when the error is discovered, off they go in exchange for the WILLCOX AND GIBBS. A simple and manageable Machine, which will do the work better and make no noise about it, is certain to supersede the old rattling double-threads.

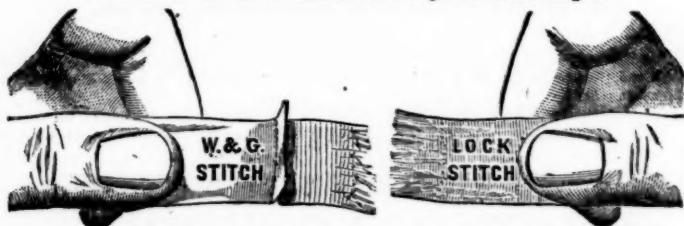
People whose money is locked up in the double-thread business of course dislike the change. When did vested interests ever drop a bad thing and pick up a good one that somebody else had a patent on? It is far more natural to try to make “the worse appear the better” Sewing Machine. Accordingly, half-truths, untruths, calling things by wrong names—anything that answers the purpose—make up the logic of the double-thread interest, which, however, is steadily yielding to the logic of events. A glance at the work done by the two methods shows something of their respective characteristics.



Pull gently—the double-thread lock stitch seam gives way at both ends.



Pull harder—the double-thread seam rips the whole length.



Pull still harder—the material gives way where it has been weakened by the double-thread machine; but the WILLCOX AND GIBBS seam remains as strong as the fabric itself. (*Samples of this test stitching sent on application.*)

The foregoing illustrations show what occurs when two seams made with the same cotton, the same length of stitch, the same perfection every way, by the respective machines are treated in the same manner. If the two seams are subjected to strain and rubbing, as in washing and wear, the result is the same. In fact, garments made with the respective machines, show like results in actual use.



HALF-WORN COLLAR, MADE WITH A DOUBLE-THREAD LOCK STITCH MACHINE.

In a garment made with a double-thread lock stitch Sewing Machine, the seam is often broken in a most unsightly manner long before the fabric is worn out.



WORN OUT COLLAR, MADE WITH THE WILLCOX & GIBBS MACHINE.

In a garment made with the WILLCOX AND GIBBS Sewing Machine the stitching is usually uninjured when the fabric is worn out.

Nevertheless, when it is desirable to take out seams altogether, as in making over garments, or in correcting mistakes, the WILLCOX AND GIBBS seam may be unlocked and easily taken out, without material injury to the fabric, while it is almost impossible to remove the double-thread lock stitch seam, without destruction of the fabric.

Want of elasticity is always a serious defect of the double-thread lock stitch seam; it becomes fatal to security when the under thread is drawn tight, as is usually done, to give a fair appearance to the right side. The unsightly gaps that soon occur in the inside seam of a trousers leg, or other crossway seam, arise from this cause.



THE DOUBLE-THREAD LOCK STITCH SEAM ON THE CROSSWAY.

The seam gives way when the cloth is stretched. On the other hand, it is perfectly easy to make the WILLCOX AND GIBBS seam as elastic as the nature of the work may require.

The double-thread lock stitch is NOT "alike on both sides," except on thick cloth, and in advertisements of the half-truth kind. Slight variations of the



TENSION VARYING IN THE DOUBLE-THREAD LOCK STITCH SEAM.

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fabric to the other; and this cannot be altogether avoided, even by the most skilful. The usual mode is to adjust the tensions so that the crossings of the threads shall tend towards the wrong side of the seam, though at the expense of elasticity.

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#### DOUBLE-THREAD LOCK STITCH SEAM ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

The double-thread lock stitch seam is always zig-zag on the right side, except

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on thick cloth, and when one or two stitches are missed, as often happens with the best of these complicated and delicate machines, stitches are left two or three times the usual length. On the wrong side it is irregular in appearance, varying with the tensions and the material sewed.

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#### WILLCOX & GIBBS SEAM ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

The WILLCOX AND GIBBS seam on the right side is perfectly uniform and beautiful. A stitch is never missed on any material however difficult to sew. On the wrong side two threads lie *side by side*, presenting a similar appearance to the chain stitch, or to back-stitching done by hand, forming *no ridge*, but rendering the seam as elastic as the fabric itself.



WILLCOX & GIBBS SEAM, showing the two threads twisted in the cloth.



BACK-STITCHING BY HAND, showing the two threads on the wrong side.

Economy of thread, is a comparatively trifling consideration, but it has been the subject of such gross misrepresentation, so shrewdly and half-truthfully made, that the whole truth ought to be fairly stated.

On the right side, the thread is single in both the WILLCOX AND GIBBS and the double-thread lock stitch seams; passing through the fabric, the thread is double in both cases; but on the wrong side, the thread is single in the one and double in the other. In a yard of the seams themselves, therefore, there is about a yard less thread in the double-thread lock stitch seam. This apparent saving of thread in the seam itself (though really made by the sacrifice of elasticity) gives colour to the claim of economy of thread, on the part of the advocates of these machines.

It is, however, quite as important to take into account the thread wasted in working a Sewing Machine as that actually used in the seam—and this element has been entirely ignored in the advertisements of Machines which waste the most.

In the use of the WILLCOX AND GIBBS Machine, the amount of thread wasted is almost inappreciable.

In the use of double-thread lock stitch machines, there are four long ends of thread at the beginning and end of every seam, and wherever the numerous breakages occur. There are also frequent entanglements, not only wasting quantities of thread, but destroying material which is of far greater value. Changes of the under thread often result in the waste of whatever may be on the bobbin. The waste of thread from these and other causes, commonly amounts in the family use of double-thread machines, to more than the entire quantity actually used in the seams.

The attention of the public has been purposely directed by the trade to what are really minor considerations in the selection of a Sewing Machine, the object being to divert attention from the one great and almost universally fatal defect of two-thread machines, viz.—that they are exceedingly difficult to use.

Almost any of the machines commonly sold, except the very low-priced ones, will do good work, *when in good order and in skilful hands*. It is not safe to judge a machine by what it can be made to do under such circumstances. Nor is it the kind of stitch made, or the amount of cotton used, that determines whether a

machine is really useful in a family or not. But it is the *possibility of doing the family work with it with ordinary skill*, and this depends on the simplicity, ease of management—in a word, on the practicability of the machine.



END OF THE UNDER-  
THREAD LOST IN THE  
ROBBIN—ONE OF THE  
DOUBLE-THREAD TROU-  
BLES.

of its seams, the WILLCOX AND GIBBS does its work more completely, leaving, in most cases, nothing to be done by hand, except working button-holes and sewing on buttons; while the "finishing" by hand of a garment "made" with a double-thread machine often constitutes a large share of the making.

Whatever injury to the health may be caused by the use of double-thread sewing machines, which tax severely both the nervous and muscular powers of endurance, no harm can result, even to the most delicate constitution, from the use of the WILLCOX AND GIBBS, which affords light and pleasurable labour that is both invigorating and salutary.

The use of the WILLCOX AND GIBBS is so easily acquired with the aid of the Instruction Book alone, and its advantages are so manifest, even at the outset, that a month's trial is almost certain to result in the purchase of the Machine. Probably no other sewing machine could be profitably sold on such terms fully and fairly carried out. In fact, when similar terms have been advertised heretofore, they have been in some way evaded. We knew, by experience, that our Machine, from its unapproached ease of management and practicability, can be profitably sold by means of such a trial, hence we make the offer in terms that render evasion impossible. We make no charge for the trial on any account whatever, whether the Machine is purchased or not. And we leave the purchaser at perfect liberty to return the Machine to us after the trial.

Our only protection against imposition,\* in affording such unusual terms, is the RESPECTABILITY of those to whom our machines are entrusted. We, therefore, beg to request that our correspondents will enable us to make this risk as small as possible, by naming a suitable reference, when the Machine is not to be paid for before the trial. Parties who pay for the Machine at the outset, instead of giving a reference, may still have the month's trial, after which, if the Machine proves unsatisfactory, the money paid will be refunded in full on the return of the Machine.

Machines sent carriage paid to any station in the Kingdom. Machines of other makers taken in exchange at the highest prices for which they can be sold again.

Payment by monthly instalments, without extra charge, received from those who are unable to pay the full price at once.

*An Illustrated Book of 96 pages, containing full information concerning the Machine, with plain instruction for its use, sent free on application.*

The Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Company,

135, REGENT STREET, W.; AND 150, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. LONDON.



# The Public Registration

*Of the Accounts and Balance-Sheets of all Life Assurance Offices is the Special Object of the "Life Assurance Companies Bill" now before Parliament.*

WHILE the DIRECTORS of the SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND will heartily welcome any well-considered measure which shall secure to the Public the great benefit of reliable information regarding the Financial Condition of ALL Life Assurance Offices, and the means they possess of meeting their engagements, it is due to this Society to state that ever since the first Investigation of its affairs in 1825, it has *continued to publish its Balance-Sheet*, containing the exact *data* and whole results of its valuations, in its Prospectuses, Reports, Advertisements, and more lately even in its forms of application for Assurance, with the intention that every one, and especially those dealing with it, might become thoroughly acquainted with its true condition and prospects. The following is the Society's

## BALANCE-SHEET, As at 31st December 1866, the Valuations being made by the Carlisle £3 per cent Table.

### LIABILITIES.

Value of Assurances for £13,527,003 : 5 : 5 . . . . . £7,658,109 9 6  
Value of Annuities (Int. £3½ p. c.) £9801 : 7 : 1 . . . . . 74,266 15 8  
Value of Future Loading prepaid . . . . . 11,686 12 0

Claims due to Members recently deceased, and all outstanding accounts . . . . . 227,977 11 4

### Total Liabilities

Surplus on a valuation of the } £834,183 10 1  
Net Premiums . . . . .  
Less share of the Seven Years' Profits to Members who died during the period . . . 118,395 13 2

715,787 16 11  
£8,687,768 5 5

### ASSETS.

Value of Gross Premiums amounting to £376,386 12 2 . . . . . £5,234,514 17 2  
Less value of Future Loading . . . . . 79,547 0 11  
Value of the Net Premiums . . . . . £296,839 11 3

£4,087,795 14 0

First Landed Securities . . . . . £2,992,985 19 11  
Railway Debentures . . . . . 398,826 15 8  
Annuities and Reversions . . . . . 381,410 19 11  
Loans on Policies . . . . . 530,175 10 11  
Government Annuities . . . . . 46,431 13 1  
House Property and Ground Rents . . . . . 24,831 13 7  
Office Furniture . . . . . 1,388 7 4  
Premiums, on which days of Grace are current, and Interest from last payment . . . . . 176,995 10 0  
Cash in Bank and in Office . . . . . 46,926 1 0

4,599,972 11 5  
£8,687,768 5 5

EDINBURGH (Head Office), 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE.  
LONDON, 4 Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.

MANCHESTER, 39 Cross Street, King Street.

GLASGOW, 141 Buchanan Street.

## Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society.

### *Security and Prospects of Future Profit.*

The foregoing Balance-Sheet contains in simple form complete information on these all-important points, and thus clearly discloses what is most essential to every one contemplating Life Assurance.

**The grand elements of Security** are exhibited in

1. A Realised Fund, which has since increased to £4,700,000 (*being the Largest Life Assurance Fund in Great Britain*), all invested in Securities of the highest order, on which loss has never occurred.
2. The setting aside of the whole Loading (£79,547 per annum) on the *Future Premium Revenue*.
3. The Excess of Interest over and above £3 per cent, which, so long as present rates are maintained, will on the existing Fund yield about £60,000 per annum.

**The Prospects of Future Profit** are indicated

1. In the amount of Profit *which was realised during the last seven years* (1859 to 1866) £834,183.
2. In the sources of *Future Profit*, being the whole Annual Loading and excess of Interest as above, now receivable and accumulating, *less expenses only*, for *future distribution at next and succeeding Valuations*.

NOTE.—*Had the Society adopted the higher rate of £4 per cent, and thus discounted its whole Liabilities on the assumption that such a rate would as a certainty be realised in all time to come, its present position would have been materially weakened. The elements of Security and future Profit would in that case have been lessened by many Hundred Thousands of Pounds.*

### *Value of the Mutual System.*

Had the Society been a Proprietary Company, dividing a portion of its Profits among its Shareholders, its Financial Condition, as disclosed above, would have placed it in the first rank of Bonus-yielding Companies; but as the whole Profits are divided among its Policyholders alone, their prospects of future Bonuses, if equalled, are certainly not surpassed by those of any other Institution. The great advantage of the Mutual System is very simply shown by the following illustration taken from the Society's own figures, solely with the view of conveying a *definite idea* of the *Money Value* of the Society's Mutual System to its own Policyholders. The Profit realised during last seven years amounted, as already shown, to £834,183 : 10 : 1. Now, had the Society been a Proprietary Company, from a tenth to a third—more probably a fifth—of this large sum would have been paid away to Shareholders. *Under the Proprietary system, therefore,*

#### THE LOSS

**to the Society's Policyholders would have been,**

Allowing one-tenth of the Profits to Shareholders	£83,418
Allowing one-fifth ( <i>the most usual proportion</i> )	166,836
Allowing one-fourth	208,546
Allowing one-third	278,061

*Such being the amounts saved by the Mutual System during the comparatively short period of seven years, it is evident that during an average lifetime the saving to Policyholders must amount to an enormous sum.*

LIVERPOOL, Oriol Chambers, 14 Water Street.  
LEEDS, 18 East Parade.

# Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society.

## Bonuses Payable and Paid.

The amounts of Profit realised by Life Assurance Offices differ in ratio so largely that the sums paid to representatives of deceased Policyholders, under Policies effected at the same time in different Offices, vary to the extent of Hundreds of Pounds; while under larger Policies the difference amounts to Thousands of Pounds Sterling. **The Fact**—that the selection of an Office involves Hundreds or Thousands of Pounds to those for whose benefit the Assurances are effected, is surely sufficient to suggest the urgent importance of careful examination and inquiry before effecting their Assurances.

The practice of limiting information as to Bonuses, to a few selected Examples of large Additions, declared under exceptional circumstances, either on Policies of extraordinary duration, or in cases where the Lives Assured have attained the extreme verge of human life, so far from affording any generally useful information, is much more likely to lead to serious misunderstanding on the part of ordinary readers. *This practice the Society has always avoided.* The following Table shows the sums payable, in the event of death in 1869, under Policies of £1000, of all durations, now in force.

Year of Entry.	Amount in 1869.	Year of Entry.	Amount in 1869.	Year of Entry.	Amount in 1869.	Year of Entry.	Amount in 1869.	Year of entry.	Amount in 1869.
1817-19	£2600	1828	£1984	1837	£1695	1846	£1417	1855	£1213
1820	2218	1829	1955	1838	1661	1847	1394	1856	1194
1821	2189	1830	1925	1839	1627	1848	1370	1857	1175
1822	2160	1831	1896	1840	1597	1849	1346	1858	1155
1823	2130	1832	1866	1841	1567	1850	1323	1859	1136
1824	2101	1833	1832	1842	1537	1851	1299	1860	1117
1825	2072	1834	1797	1843	1507	1852	1276	1861	1104
1826	2043	1835	1763	1844	1477	1853	1253	1862	1091
1827	2014	1836	1729	1845	1447	1854	1233	1863	1078

*These Sums will be slightly greater or less according as the age was above or below 35 years at entry.*

It should be kept in view that the above Table contains the Bonuses added, not merely to a few Policies effected in each year of entry, but to *all* Policies. It is farther of importance to observe the high rate of Bonus now being paid at death under Policies of all durations, effected on lives of all ages. Thus—

The Claims Paid under Bonus Policies during the year 1868

amounted to . . . . . £382,362 7 11

While the Original Sums Assured amounted to . . . . . 269,948 18 0

The Bonuses Paid in a Single year } £112,413 9 11  
being therefore }

*On many of these Policies the Bonuses approached, and in some instances largely exceeded, the Original Sums Assured; but it will be seen that*

The Average Bonus Paid was

(£269,948 : 18 : 0 : £112,413 : 9 : 11 : : £100 : 0 : 0 : £41 : 12 : 10)

£41 : 12 : 10 per cent.

BIRMINGHAM, Stephenson's Chambers, 39a New Street.  
NORWICH, 48 St. Giles Church Plain.

# Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society.

## Surrender Values.

Many Offices refuse to return any portion of the Premiums paid, unless the Policy shall have been of a certain number of years' duration. In this way, Policyholders who have survived the object of their Assurances, who may be unable to maintain them, or who, for any other reason, may wish to discontinue them, incur serious loss. The following Table contains Examples of the SURRENDER VALUES of Policies of £1000, and Vested Bonus Additions as at last Division of Profits at 31st December 1866.

Age at Entry.	Policy 5 Years old.	Policy 10 Years old.	Policy 15 Years old.	Policy 20 Years old.	Policy 30 Years old.	Policy 40 Years old.	Policy 50 Years old.
20	£52	£116	£191	£283	£528	£872	£1419
25	58	126	212	309	597	943	1520
30	62	141	232	347	671	1029	1590
35	73	157	265	403	731	1110	...
40	78	180	312	462	805	1164	...
45	96	223	366	508	875	...	...
50	123	262	400	566	918	...	...
55	140	276	441	613	...	...	...
60	137	306	480	630	...	...	...

A Policy of the Scottish Widows' Fund is thus readily convertible during the lifetime of the Member himself, to the extent of its proper Surrender Value.

## General Results.

New Assurances last 5 years £4,680,678    Realised Fund . . . £4,700,000  
Total Claims Paid . . . 6,260,000    Annual Revenue exceeds 600,000

## Payment of Claims at Death.

The utmost facility has been attained for prompt Settlement of the large Sums annually being paid to Representatives of deceased Members, Claims being paid in full in any part of the United Kingdom, on production of English, Irish, or Scotch Administration. By Special Act of Parliament, the Representatives of English and Irish Policyholders are relieved from the necessity of taking out Scotch Administration, or of registering Probate or Letters of Administration in Scotch Courts.

Thus residents in any part of the country can avail themselves of all the advantages presented by the SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND without the loss of any facility of Settlement afforded by any other Institution.

## ANNUAL PREMIUMS

FOR THE ASSURANCE OF £100 AT DEATH, WITH PROFITS.

Age.	Premiums.	Age.	Premiums.	Age.	Premiums.	Age.	Premiums.	Age.	Premiums.
22	£2 3 11	30	£2 11 9	38	£3 3 0	46	£3 18 7	54	£5 8 5
24	2 5 7	32	2 14 2	40	3 6 3	48	4 3 7	56	5 19 3
26	2 7 6	34	2 16 9	42	3 10 0	50	4 10 7	58	6 11 10
28	2 9 7	36	2 19 9	44	3 14 1	52	4 18 11	60	7 4 9

The Directors submit this Prospectus as a statement of the grounds on which they respectfully recommend prudent and thoughtful men to consider whether they may not, with the highest measure of advantage to themselves and their families, confide to the Scottish Widows' Fund the important trust involved in Life Assurance.

BY ORDER OF THE COURT OF DIRECTORS.

HEAD OFFICE,  
2 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

SAMUEL RALEIGH, *Manager.*  
J. J. P. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

DUBLIN, 9 Lower Sackville Street.    BELFAST, 17 High Street.  
DUNDEE, 53 Reform Street.